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AMERICA.

THE Northern Americans naturally rejoice in the success which has been so anxiously desired, and so long delayed. With the exception of passionate partisans, foreigners will view with a certain regret the failure of an heroic resistance. It had for some time seemed impossible that Richmond could be any longer defended, but, as long as a prudent and skilful commander thought fit to maintain his position, it was proper to assume that he had sufficient reason for rejecting or postponing the project of a retreat. The importance of the Federal victory is measured by the efforts which were used to avert the inevitable result. The evacuation of Richmond probably became necessary after the failure of General LEE's attack on the enemy's communications with City Point. Having assured himself of the safety of his own lines, General GRANT concentrated an overwhelming force on the south bank of the river, and in the last days of March he commenced the forward movement which has ended in a decisive triumph. It is not known how far LEE had been compelled to weaken his force for the purpose of enabling JOHNSTON to check SHERMAN's advance. In all probability, the Confederate army was greatly outnumbered, but in the first day's battle it obtained considerable advantages. On the 1st of April, SHERIDAN finally turned LEE's left wing, and, by occupying the Southside railway, he rendered the further defence of Petersburg impossible. In the course of the same night the place was evacuated, and on the following day General WEITZEL, commanding on the left bank of the river, found that Richmond itself was no longer defended. After suffering great losses in the battle and in the retreat, General LEE appears to be on his way to Lynchburg with that portion of his army which is still able and willing to sustain a failing cause. As no other mode of escape is likely to have presented itself, Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS and his Ministers probably accompany the retreat of the defeated army. The lofty courage which has redeemed many political and military mistakes will not be shaken by the frantic threats of the underbred drunkard whom the people of the United States have thought fit to elevate to the second office in their Republic. Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, whom an accident may at any moment invest with the authority of President, according to one report, celebrated the conquest of Richmond by assuring a bawling rabble that, if JEFFERSON DAVIS could be caught, he ought to be hanged twenty times as high as HAMAN. In the particular instance his language may perhaps have been misrepresented, but it is consistent with his character and habits of speech. Political theorists may well differ as to the merits of democratic institutions which favour the vigorous prosecution of great enterprises, but at the same time raise the lowest and most worthless adventurers through notoriety into power. The great material strength and the intoxicating military success of a community which seems, through its press and by its elections, to disclaim all moral responsibility, are not encouraging objects of contemplation. Mr. SEWARD has characteristically improved the occasion by announcing that, on certain unexpressed conditions, his Government will not perpetrate the profligate outrage of invading Canada. It would, indeed, have been surprising if the occupation of Richmond had not been followed by fresh insults to England.

If the Confederate capital has fallen at last, it may boast that, in the whole history of war, no city has been purchased by a conqueror at so heavy a price. NAPOLEON took Berlin, Vienna, and Moscow each in a single campaign, and when the scale of fortune was turned, the Allies entered Paris in two successive years. Sebastopol resisted the English and French armies for thirteen or fourteen months, and four or five battles were fought in the hope of raising the siege. For nearly four years Richmond has been the main object of the Federal attacks, and probably three-quarters of a million of men

have at different times been employed in attempting its conquest. After Bull Run had taught the Federal Government the deficiencies of the existing military organization, M'CLELLAN commanded more than 200,000 men on the Potomac; and he landed more than half the number in the Virginian peninsula, while his lieutenants and colleagues defended the approaches of Washington. The Federal losses in the disastrous campaign of the Chickahominy, and in the subsequent defeats of POPE, were variously estimated from 50,000 to 100,000 men. Before the close of the year, BURNSIDE sacrificed 15,000 or 20,000 men in his wild attack on the heights of Fredericksburg, and in the spring of 1863 LEE defeated HOOKER with probably equal loss at Chancellorsville. The costly Federal victory of Gettysburg was included in the same campaign, and it was not till the early summer of 1864 that GRANT commenced his final advance upon Richmond. The casualties of his army during the march through Virginia were regarded as extraordinary, even in the present war; and the battles of the last twelve months, in the Shenandoah and in the neighbourhood of Petersburg, have added largely to the record of bloodshed. The closing victory was cheaply purchased by the expenditure of 7,000 men, in addition to 2,000 who were lost a few days before in repelling LEE's attack. Whatever may have been the services of other Confederate States, the obstinate resolution of holding Richmond was principally dictated by Virginian patriotism and pride. The people of that State must have borne the principal pressure of the war, and they have contributed more than their share to the replenishment of the army. The gallantry of Virginia is the more remarkable as the State was no party to the original secession, having only chosen its side when Mr. LINCOLN declared war, after the capture of Fort Sumter. General LEE himself took the command of the Confederate army only under a sense of duty to his State, and it may be doubted whether he will approve the prosecution of the struggle when he has no longer the privilege of fighting for the freedom of his native soil. Whatever may be his decision, it will be dictated by the unsullied honour of a gentleman and soldier. His character will not fail to be respected by the hostile commanders who have at last fairly profited by their superior resources. GRANT and SHERMAN will despise the cowardly invectives which may find suitable organs in the JOHNSONS and the BROWNLOWS whom universal suffrage delights to honour. When the *New York Times* devoted a column several months ago to the statement that General LEE was a liar as well as a traitor, the taste even of the Republican party prevented the imitation or the repetition of the libel.

It is difficult to judge whether the war will be continued, but it seems scarcely possible that the Confederates should for the present meet their adversaries in a regular campaign. As JOHNSTON was undoubtedly aware of the probable evacuation of Richmond, he must have formed some plan for effecting a junction with LEE in Tennessee or in Western Virginia. On the other hand, SHERMAN has lately returned to his army after concerting measures with GRANT, and it cannot be doubted that his share in the combined operations would consist in a vigorous attack on his immediate opponent. The Federal army had enjoyed an interval of rest at Goldsborough, and the junction with SCHOFIELD must have more than supplied any losses which may have occurred during the march from Savannah. At Goldsborough SHERMAN was in communication with the coast, and he may perhaps have received additional reinforcements. As the greater part of GRANT's army will henceforth be available in any quarter where its services may be required, it would seem that JOHNSTON's only chance of safety lies in a rapid retreat.

If the Confederacy had been as homogeneous as a European monarchy, it would probably have been prudent, from the early part of the war, to have profited by the remote distances of the interior to pursue an exclusively defensive strategy. The armies which have been crippled or destroyed in Tennessee

and Mississippi might, if they were still in existence, render LEE once more a match for the conquerors of Richmond. The Confederate Government, however, could not afford voluntarily to abandon any portion of its territory, and the prolonged defence of Richmond almost justifies a policy which might otherwise have seemed hazardous. The interior of the country to the east of the River Mississippi has now been traversed in every direction by Northern armies, and nearly all the more important towns have passed into the possession of the invader. Texas, indeed, is for the present independent, and it would hold ten times the whole Confederate population; but in modern times nations are not in the habit of migrating like old German or Scandinavian tribes. The terms of submission would be easy, except to those whose property consists in slaves, and to the earnest and unconquerable patriots who, even among the noblest races, necessarily form a minority. Wherever Federal occupation extends, the dregs and the scum of the people will welcome the conquerors, and unsuspected love of the Union will be discovered as soon as it is found to be identical with impunity and ease. It will be necessary, for the present, to tolerate the supremacy of the Republican faith; but even in Tennessee the majority will probably hereafter be able to displace its oppressors. On the whole, the chances are in favour of an early restoration of peace. Traders in all parts of the world will anxiously watch the prospects of cotton cultivation, and philanthropists of different sects will have the opportunity of studying the effects of universal emancipation on the negroes. The process in which foreigners are most immediately interested will be the more or less complete absorption of the disbanded soldiery in the pursuits of industry. If American writers and orators are to be believed, the first result of peace will be some external war, voluntarily undertaken for purposes of revenge or ambition. It is fortunately permissible to doubt both the sincerity and the foresight of those who make it their business to gratify popular vanity. High wages and large profits will compete effectually with the love of military glory, especially as the national appetite for boasting is provided with abundant sustenance to last through the present generation. If there are any honest statesmen in the United States, they will be concerned to prove that the triumph of the Federal arms is not an unmingled misfortune to mankind.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR certainly took the bull by the horns when, in answer to the Address of the Corps Législatif, he informed his subjects that France looked to the tribune and the press, and saw that she was free. In fact, the great art of modern times is to hint that opponents have begged the question, and that this cannot be allowed. So the EMPEROR cuts the ground from under the feet of Opposition orators who complain that the press is not free, and simply states that the press is free. It is wonderful how many controversies will disperse into thin air at once if this great method of resisting adversaries is boldly persevered in. But, though the EMPEROR may have felt that his home policy required some sharp slashing defence of this kind if it was to be upheld as perfect, he may be perfectly content with the results of the discussion that has taken place on his foreign policy. It is there that he unquestionably shines. His Government has shown itself much wiser than its critics, and France may well feel that her destinies are in far safer hands than if M. JULES FAVRE were at liberty to hurl French troops at his will against the Quadrilateral, or if M. THIERS were free to reverse all the maxims he upheld in his prime, to cultivate an Austrian alliance, and restore the valley of the Po to the ancient enemies of his country. Nor is it only that the path pursued by the EMPEROR is, on the whole, much safer than that into which his critics would wish to impel him. It is also much less paltry and ignoble. M. JULES FAVRE is a friend of Italy, and he therefore shrinks in horror from M. THIERS' proposal to break up Italian unity, and give back the Romagna to the long horrors of an ecclesiastical Government. But, essentially, he and M. THIERS have the same view of French policy. Both think that France ought solely to labour so as to keep neighbouring States weak, retrograde, and divided. Only, while M. THIERS applies this principle to Italy, M. FAVRE applies it to Germany. He regrets that the EMPEROR did not take the opportunity of the quarrel about the Duchies to throw all Germany into confusion, and to set Prussia, Austria, and the minor States by the ears. Germany would then be a poor State; her force

in Europe would be lost, and France would be able to domineer over her in the most satisfactory manner. In Italy M. THIERS wishes the same thing to be done. He wishes Savoy and Nice to be kept, Piedmont to be snubbed, the little States to be restored to their old condition of internecine jealousy, and the dear good POPE to be allowed to do as he pleases. The policy of the EMPEROR shines by the side of the foreign policy of his opponents as gas shines by the side of a farthing dip. He has shown that he can rise superior to aims so petty and to a system so shortsighted. He wishes that the nations around him should have a fair field for the attainment of their deepest and dearest wishes. He respects the nationality of Italy and the nationality of Germany. If Germans and Italians wish to be powerful and united, he will help rather than hinder them; and he rightly sees in this the true interest of France. For, generally speaking, France, by thus furthering the aspirations and associating herself with the future of her neighbours, gains a prestige and a standing which make her the head of Continental Europe, and in each particular instance she derives some distinct and special benefit. It is a gain to France that Italy, bound to her by every weak tie of gratitude and every strong tie of interest, should form an effectual and inexpensive bulwark against Austria; and secular France, as opposed to clerical France, gains by the establishment of a new kingdom at her doors which draws its origin from a passionate resistance to Papal pretensions. So, too, Northern Germany, flourishing, strong, and self-confident, affords France the best and cheapest of barriers against Russia—the only Power that can dispute with France the supremacy of the Continent, and the only Power that is likely to prove wantonly aggressive. If the discussions in the Chamber show clearly the weak side of his home policy, and drive him to such astounding assertions as that the present French press is free, the EMPEROR, in recompense, derives from the discussions on his foreign policy the satisfaction of seeing its strong side brought out into a clear and convincing light.

Nothing was said in the Italian debate which threw any new light on the position of Italy, or Rome, or France. There is, indeed, nothing to say. Even M. THIERS, who warmly defends the temporal power, and denies the right of the Romans to choose their own sovereign, was obliged to own that the subjects of the POPE ought to be decently governed. But then the old difficulty in this controversy—a difficulty as old as the Seven Hills themselves—recurs, and we want to know who is to see that this decent government is granted. The POPE neither can nor will grant it, for good government is based on the very principles condemned in the Encyclical. At least, the Government which actually exists in France is based on these very principles; and so is the Government which the Romans, as a matter of fact, desire. If the French were to manage his temporal power for the POPE, and in his name carry on every function of government, and run counter to the Encyclical under his very eyes, they would undoubtedly do away with some of the worst evils of which the Romans have to complain; but they would openly declare themselves to be possessors by force of a territory in the heart of Italy, which is contrary to the whole Italian policy of the EMPEROR, and they would put an end to the temporal power as much as if VICTOR EMMANUEL were installed in Rome. On the other hand, if the POPE can by any fair means keep his temporal power still standing, those who have protected him so long may reasonably insist on his having a fair trial. The representatives of the Government in the Chamber had an easy task when they showed that nothing better than the Convention had been proposed on any side, and that the Convention must be and should be strictly carried out. For the moment, indeed, the position of the EMPEROR is unassailable. He is waiting until the time fixed for the withdrawal of his troops has expired; and as no one can say what will happen when the time is up, he may fairly ask that the world shall wait and see the results, since he is strongly supported by the judgment, both of France and of Europe, in his determination neither to keep up the POPE's Government for ever nor to let the Romans have their way at once. When the delay fixed by the Convention is almost at an end, then his power of dealing with a great crisis may perhaps be tested. It may happen that the POPE will really refuse to do anything to help himself, and will go into exile; and even though the EMPEROR may think it far better that things should come to this extremity than that he should prolong indefinitely his occupation of Rome, and place himself under the dictation of the clerical party, yet the danger he would thus incur would be a serious one, and would need all his prudence, and adroitness, and

hold on France, to face successfully. But it seems not to be wholly impossible that the POPE may gradually yield so far as to make things much more pleasant and easy than they are now. He is, it seems, not wholly unwilling to swallow the sad pill of necessity, and to accept what he has often refused, provided only there is a little change of name. He appears to be ready to come to some arrangement about the bishoprics, and not to have turned a deaf ear to the ingenious suggestion that the contribution which Italy offers to make towards the payment of his debt, as present possessor of the Romagna, might be accepted as compensation-money for the damage and losses which he has sustained. If it is only plausible schemes and fine words that the POPE wants in order to hide an alteration of policy, he may safely trust to the Italians to find him any amount of them.

It must, however, have been much more interesting to the Corps Législatif to learn the views of the Government about Mexico than to listen to what every one knew beforehand, and hear that the Italian Convention was to be upheld. Mexico has a very pressing claim on French attention, for it makes a very considerable hole in French pockets. At any rate, it must be acknowledged that the line taken by the Government was decided enough. There was no wavering, or blinking the real issue. It was announced that the honour of the French flag was engaged, and that the Empire of MAXIMILIAN was to be supported at any cost. At the same time, great efforts were made to show that the cost would not really be very great. M. CORTA, who knows Mexican finance as well as any one can be said to know it, and who gave great satisfaction to every one while he was in Mexico, entered into elaborate calculations to show that Mexico will ultimately pay her way. Even if the revenue were simply brought up to the point it reached under the Spaniards at the beginning of this century, the two ends would meet; and under a decent modern Government a thousand sources of revenue would be opened which were unknown under the jealous and exclusive system of the old Spanish Viceroyalty. In fact, M. CORTA promises the Emperor MAXIMILIAN far more than M. SELLA promises the King of ITALY, for he actually promises him a surplus. And the French Government is not doing its work for Mexico by halves. It is really giving its own credit in order to raise money for Mexico. When a loan is introduced by the French Minister of Finance just as if he were the manager of a Credit Company, and the local authorities are directed to receive the subscriptions of the French labouring classes, an indirect guarantee for the loan is given, which, it might have seemed, would have enabled the contrivers of the plan to dispense with the extraordinary attractions they have thought proper to devise, such as a gigantic lottery and the repayment of the capital twice over. If the guidance of French policy remains for a few years in the same hands as at present, the continued support of the Mexican Empire is assured; and it is quite true, as M. ROUHER observed, that, if much remains to be done in Mexico, yet very much has been done. Nor was the Minister less explicit in his attempts to meet the objection that France would be punished for having gone to Mexico by having war declared against her, directly the defeat of the South left the North free to act. The arguments of M. ROUHER will not carry conviction to those who conceive that the Americans of the North are a demoralized, bloodthirsty race, ready to employ in schemes of ambition and conquest a military population of which they are afraid, and alike unable and unwilling to consider seriously whether a war is just or expedient. But those who do not think quite so badly of the Americans will find much that is well worth considering in the two main arguments on which the Government speakers relied. In the first place, they said, the Americans will hesitate to break with all the traditions of the past, and to quarrel with France; and in the next place, the statesmen of the North must see that Mexico at this moment, with its wild, disorganized inhabitants, and its very large aboriginal population, would be a dangerous possession. There is not the slightest wish on the part of France to give its interference in Mexico a character hostile to the North, and M. ROUHER even went so far as to stigmatize the rumour that the French had intended to occupy Sonora as a calumny. It must at any rate be allowed that the French Government has taken the best means to avert a war. It uses the mildest and most conciliatory language; it repels every insinuation of intentional hostility; it strives to soothe American jealousy as much as possible; but at the same time it leaves no doubt as to its main purpose, and announces that, if it is obliged to fight for Mexico, it will fight with all its strength.

THE ROCHDALE ELECTION.

IT is always interesting to compare the genuine opinions of a community with its conventional professions. The tradesmen of Rochdale have only to choose between two ready-made assortments of political doctrines, conveniently packed for their use in separate bundles; but, on the question which really concerns them, both parties are happily of the same mind. The maintenance or the reform of the Constitution may be very well in its way, but the central article of the Rochdale faith relates to imprisonment for debt. Civil and religious liberty matters little in comparison with the right of locking up an insolvent debtor. Customers might perhaps take a heterodox view of their own interests, though the local speakers assure them that Lancashire was saved during the cotton famine only by the beneficent operation of the debtors' prison in sustaining retail credit. It is chiefly for the good of purchasers that the Rochdale shopkeepers cling to imprisonment, but their own convictions are as firm as if they were supported by directly selfish motives. The sacred right of arrest had been threatened by Lord WESTBURY's audacious proposal to deprive the County Courts of the power of imprisonment; and although the Bill of 1864 was withdrawn, it was necessary to take precautions against other revolutionary attempts. If both candidates had not been thoroughly sound on this vital question, the result of the election would have been determined by their comparative enthusiasm for the panacea of bolts and bars; but, unfortunately, the Conservative and the Liberal were no less unanimous than the constituency. Mr. BRETT, having perhaps acquired some knowledge of Rochdale opinion, was the first to denounce the unjustifiable scheme of a Whig Chancellor whom he naturally wishes to displace. "BRETT and Imprisonment for Debt" would have been an excellent party watchword, if Mr. POTTER had not outbid his antagonist by showing that he had himself given pledges to the lock-up cause. In answer to an urgent inquiry, Mr. POTTER tersely stated that his firm had four or five thousand open accounts, and he left it to be inferred that he was not likely to tamper with any of the existing securities for credit. As a great manufacturer only deals with the trade, there is some reason to fear that Mr. POTTER conveyed an erroneous impression when he insinuated that he was in the habit of arresting his customers. Shopkeepers may imprison workmen, but the imprisonment of shopkeepers by wholesale dealers is scarcely a part of the ordinary course of commercial transactions. After all, Mr. BRETT's categorical acceptance of the pledge ought to have been more satisfactory to the Rochdale mind. It is, on the whole, not surprising that the operatives of Rochdale should have established the famous co-operative societies which, among their other advantages, save the County Court judge the trouble of committals by their exclusive adherence to a ready-money system.

The success of Mr. POTTER is much less surprising than the contest, for a thoroughbred Tory could scarcely have been expected to try his fortune in a borough which was lately represented by Mr. CORDEN, and which has Mr. BRIGHT for its principal inhabitant. In returning thanks to the electors, Mr. POTTER thought fit to threaten that part of the community which he called the aristocracy with the ruin which has befallen the so-called aristocracy of seven or eight millions of men inhabiting the Southern States of America. It would be curious to ascertain his estimate of the social position of the 496 burgesses of Rochdale who voted for Mr. BRETT. It is not a little remarkable that so large a number of local aristocrats should have protested at the poll against the principles of freedom and equality as interpreted by Mr. POTTER.

The late struggle was not a sudden attempt to profit by a casual vacancy, for Mr. BRETT had long since announced his intention of opposing Mr. CORDEN at the general election. His political opinions were explained in a manly speech, which must have been approved by his supporters in the constituency, although it found little favour with the multitude in front of the hustings. A belief in things as they are, in connexion with either Lord DERBY or Lord PALMERSTON, is not uncommon among able lawyers, nor, indeed, with the educated classes in general; but strangers would have supposed that it was scarcely worth while to avow a comprehensive attachment to Church and State in the very centre of Lancashire Radicalism. Perhaps the neighbourhood of an eloquent and formidable agitator tends to produce a reaction in the minds of cautious and comfortable traders, and Mr. BRETT may be the more trusted because his opinions are at every point diametrically opposed to the doctrines of Mr. BRIGHT. The Conservative tendencies, however, of the upper section of the trading

community are not confined to Rochdale. In all the manufacturing towns of the Northern and Midland districts, and in the counties which are influenced by an urban population, the middle classes are becoming more and more disinclined to constitutional innovation. The rump of the Corn-law League has long ceased to sway the elections of South Lancashire, and Mr. COBDEN himself was driven from the West Riding, and Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. MILNER GIBSON from Manchester. After the Reform Bill, and even during the Corn-law agitation, the great centres of industry were almost unanimous, and sometimes extreme, in their Liberalism. The leading manufacturers disposed absolutely of the representation of their respective boroughs, and they gradually discovered that they were not likely to derive political advantage from any change in the existing system. It was sufficiently obvious that wholesale enfranchisement would swamp the existing constituencies, and no call of duty required the abdication of a power which has been, on the whole, exercised for the public good. In consequence partly of their own intelligence and honesty, but principally through a favourable combination of circumstances, the English middle classes have been for an entire generation, practically as well as nominally, Liberal. The prejudices which have been overruled or disregarded in modern legislation had, for the most part, an aristocratic origin, and in England alone, among the countries of the world, the manufacturers were taught by their own interest to cherish sound economical principles. All the improvements which Lord RUSSELL is in the habit of recapitulating in his speeches and his writings have been effected with the cordial support of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Birmingham, and the Potteries.

Mr. BRIGHT, in a late speech at Rochdale, assumed with much probability that Mr. BRETT would have opposed all the reforms which, having been accomplished, are now universally accepted. The implied inference that future reforms will be equally beneficial may not unnaturally be rejected by those who believe that useful legislation tends, within its own limits, to supersede the necessity of further changes. No political party forms a perfectly dispassionate judgment of the measures which are from time to time the subjects of public discussion. Excessive fear and excessive love of innovation would be avoided with equal care by a perfect legislator. Moderate and prudent Liberals approximate most nearly to the ideal type. Mr. BRETT is unlikely to promote even a judicious modification of existing institutions, but his principles may not unreasonably be preferred to Mr. POTTER's advocacy of universal suffrage and of the compulsory division of property on the death of each successive incumbent. It is true that the practical difference between a Tory and a Radical is far narrower than the issues which are raised by their election speeches. The wildest Reformer, even if his democratic enthusiasm survives two or three sessions in the House of Commons, can only help to pass or to reject proposals which are seriously supported by the bulk of one of the great parties. It is impossible to foresee whether Mr. POTTER will exert himself to secure the triumph of his principles, or subside, with the calmness of a metropolitan member, saturated with pledges, into the harmless ranks of the Liberal majority or minority. Mr. BRETT is much nearer to Lord PALMERSTON in political opinions than his opponent; but if the SECRETARY of the TREASURY interfered in the election, he undoubtedly supported Mr. POTTER. The regular political managers take little notice of the personal opinions of a candidate unless he is himself, like Mr. BRIGHT or Mr. COBDEN, the leader or the nucleus of a party. The question for the Carlton and Reform Clubs is, whether a member will sit on the right side of the House, and which set of circulars he will receive when serious divisions are impending. The importance of extreme opinions consists in the indications which they afford of the inclination of the constituencies. Mr. POTTER probably pleased the non-electors of Rochdale, but he must have frightened moderate politicians. During the present Parliament it has mattered little whether individual members have speculatively desired to transfer the whole electoral power of the community to the working people. Mr. BRIGHT is far too sanguine in his hope that democratic agitation will commence within a month of Lord PALMERSTON's retirement from office, but it is probable that the existing calm will not last for ever. Although neither Mr. BRIGHT nor Mr. POTTER seems to understand the apparent paradox, Mr. BRETT is perfectly right in thinking that the numerical majority is principally objectionable on account of its numbers. A restricted constituency is more manageable, and at the same time more independent, because it feels both personal and collective responsibility. The best proof that the multitude is unfit for political power is to be found in the distrust of its decisions which is exhibited in the most

democratic countries in the world. The carefully drilled universal suffrage of France only returns a powerless Legislative Body, and the American Congress in some degree redeems the incompetence of its members by its exclusion from serious influence on political affairs. Universal suffrage is perhaps as good a contrivance as any other for electing a President or Emperor, but orderly freedom is incompatible with the concentration of power in the hands of a single man. If, however, Mr. POTTER and his party insist on a promiscuous franchise, they would simplify their system by no longer affecting to exclude the utterly insignificant fraction of society which consists of criminals and lunatics. It is highly improbable that any considerable number of madmen would vote, nor would the result of the elections be perceptibly affected by the participation of released convicts, although it is said that their class manages, in the happy city of New York, to choose the police magistrates and the criminal judges. Every tolerably well-managed democracy is kept from dissolution by elaborate evasions of the ostensible principle of the system. The quasi-philosophical projectors who amuse themselves with schemes for watering down universal suffrage below the inflammable point entertain a wholesome fear of the majority, while they affect to admit its title to power. It is perhaps the simplest method of protecting the minority to retain its present predominance in the government of the country. Mr. POTTER's presence in the House of Commons will be harmless, but the time may come when the danger of subversive doctrines will not be broken and neutralized by happily complicated institutions.

ITALY.

THE Italian Chamber of Deputies is getting well and quickly through the Session. Weary correspondents of English daily papers complain that some of the speakers are occasionally long-winded. There are doubtless VINCENT SCULLYS in every human assembly, placed there by an inscrutable Providence for the chastisement and torture of the impatient. But, in spite of one or two orators who love to see the sun to sleep and to begin again with him next morning, the Turin Parliament deserves credit for its efficient and steady despatch of business. The day commences early at Turin. Cabinet Ministers finish the bulk of their routine work before the hour at which Englishmen come down to breakfast, and, with the single break of an hour at midday, the Chamber of Deputies sits from eight in the morning until six o'clock at night. Discussed consecutively day after day, the Railway Bill, that threatened to absorb so much time and to fatigue the *Times* Correspondent so terribly, has passed in a great measure intact. The HAMBRO' difficulty was one that might have proved more serious if the Chamber had been less anxious to maintain and back the Government. It is true that since 1851 everything—even the nature of the Kingdom itself—has changed. But no Italian would feel disposed to deal cavalierly with the credit of the former Kingdom of Piedmont; and Englishmen may rest assured that Italy, in respect of her pecuniary obligations, is not disposed to imitate Mississippi or Greece. The eminent authorities consulted by the Italian Government were unquestionably sincere in their opinion that there was no reason to delay the projected measure on account of remonstrances from London. Among others whose opinion was taken, stood M. DE REVEL, who fourteen years ago had been Minister, and who had signed the HAMBRO' contract in person. The idea of referring for an interpretation of a bilateral agreement to one of those who had negotiated it is not, from a legal point of view, unimpeachable; but M. DE REVEL at least contributes to the conclusion of the Cabinet the sanction of one who adds to an intimate knowledge of the subject-matter a high personal reputation for integrity. The repugnance of M. DE PRETIS to acquiesce in the popular view was characteristic of a conscientious gentleman who knows England well, and is solicitous where the good opinion of England is concerned; but the Chamber was naturally satisfied with an official assurance that the legal rights and remedies of the various creditors could not be prejudiced by the new law. The decision to which the Turin Deputies have come will doubtless be criticized severely by many in this country, but there is no reason to doubt the wish of Italy to act consistently with the dictates of the best good faith.

The comparative ease with which the several projects of the present Ministry pass through the Chamber is a proof of the esteem in which a transitional Cabinet may be held. The LA MARMORA Ministry occupies an honourable but exceptional place. It does not lead any particular party.

Unlike the ordinary run of Italian Cabinets, it is not formed from any Parliamentary clique or coterie. Yet it is not a Coalition Cabinet, nor can it be charged, in the language of BURKE, with being whimsically dovetailed and tessellated. It is a temporary and ephemeral Government, representing with fidelity the opinions of the majority of the Chamber, raised suddenly and unexpectedly to power at a formidable crisis, and destined probably, when the work of this Session is concluded, to disappear again into the bosom of the majority out of which it has sprung. Such a Ministry has the right to draw confidently on the support of a Chamber which has raised it up to fill a gap. In avowing their determination to stand or fall by their Railway Bill, the Ministers acted like honest men, who had no ulterior ambition beyond filling the gap ably. Those who are familiar with the power of local interests in an English House of Commons will not be surprised at learning from the lips of an Italian statesman that, but for such a determination, local interests in Italy would possibly have paralysed the Legislature. Had the Cabinet been composed of Parliamentary tacticians, under the leadership of a party chief, perhaps less vigour would have been shown, and the result might have been failure instead of success. Fortunately for Italy, the head of the present Ministry is an upright and plainspoken soldier, who is removed from all suspicion of intrigue. He is not, like the Duke of WELLINGTON, a famous general, but he is a far more sensible politician than the Duke of WELLINGTON, and equally single-minded. Everybody knows that he will do his work in a straightforward manner, and his presence at the helm is acceptable to the body of educated Italians. It is most important, before the next elections, to provide for the financial wants of the country, and to effect the unification of the Italian law; and to accomplish these two objects with firmness and rapidity may be said to be the mission of General LA MARMORA and his colleagues. In the last six years the Italian debt has been very heavily increased, yet it is now necessary to borrow more money. The last Ministry cannot be acquitted of the charge of great and gross mismanagement, but no financiers, however capable, could have saved the new Italian Kingdom from grave pecuniary embarrassment. The money which has been borrowed and spent has been spent on the resurrection of Italy. It is the price which Italians in future generations must pay for inheriting good laws and free institutions. In the present condition of Europe, Italy cannot well do without a large army and an efficient fleet. Nor, in the present internal condition of her own provinces, can Italy avoid a considerable expenditure upon public works. Compared with that of France, the recent increase of her debt is not heavy, and the average to be borne by each individual of her population is even light. The Turin Parliament is accordingly resolved to call on the country for fresh sacrifices, and is thankful to the men who take upon themselves the ungracious duty of preparing the budget of an expensive and anxious year.

It is equally important, before the dissolution that is impending over the Chamber, to achieve substantial progress in the unification of the law. The clerical party in Italy is supposed to be gathering itself up for a conflict at the elections. Hints have been disseminated by the highest clerical authorities to the effect that the friends of the POPE mean to stand altogether aloof, and the Italian Liberals are accordingly much alarmed. It is thought that the priests would not talk about abstaining from all action, unless they had determined to be very active indeed. The Italian Government has taken in hand a host of projects which are calculated to agitate devout Roman Catholics, and it is naturally desirous to have finished with the bulk of them before the Church of Rome can come into the field. In the large towns of Italy, Rome has lost of late years the little influence it formerly enjoyed. But the peasants are still at the mercy of their religious teachers, and a winking statue or two in the provinces would, without a doubt, decide the fate of many an electoral seat. A wise Ministry will therefore be glad to settle the question of the suppression of religious corporations before the statues of the VIRGIN MARY begin to move in the matter. The law of civil marriage has already been carried, though it will not come into operation before January next. Want of time only will be the cause, if the conversion of ecclesiastical property does not become law during this Session. The Italian Legislature has shown already its way of thinking upon spiritual questions, and Italy will scarcely be frightened out of effecting a change to which French Catholics have been accustomed for more than sixty years. Few Italian politicians are visionary enough to hope that anything is to be gained by temporizing with Rome. If the Papacy in France had lost less at the time of the Concordat, the FIRST CONSUL would have found it less tractable and accommodating. Pious, gentle,

and good-tempered, PRO NONO is not altogether unlike the portrait which history has handed down of his predecessor PIUS the SEVENTH. The difference between the temper of Rome under the French Revolution and that of Rome under the new Italian Monarchy arises from the fact that Rome still believes her losses in Italy may be repaired by force. Cardinal CONSALVI, in 1801, consented to far more concessions of principle than the Church is asked to make in Italy at the present day. The POPE hardly hoped to succeed then in recovering the Romagna. He acquiesced in the alienation of Church property. To suit the FIRST CONSUL's political arrangements, he joined in forcing ninety orthodox Bishops to resign their seats. He was willing to pardon ten thousand French priests who had violated by civil marriages the fundamental regulations of the Church. Italians must not be hardly judged if they remember so striking a page in the annals of religion, and draw from it the conclusion that even mortal political offences may sooner or later be forgiven by the Vatican. In order to be secure of absolution, it is only necessary to sin with audacity; and to proceed steadily in the secularization of Italy is perhaps the surest mode of bringing a future POPE to reasonable terms. In fact, if the purport of the letter said to have been addressed to VICTOR EMMANUEL by a Holy Father afflicted by the "widowed" condition of the Italian Church has been correctly stated, a firm and uncompromising attitude has already begun to tell beneficially on the Papal mind. The reported readiness of the POPE to treat with the Plenipotentiary of an excommunicated KING respecting the vacant Sees of Naples and the other annexed provinces—those of Umbria and the Marches alone excepted—appears to indicate no inconsiderable change in the temper of the Vatican.

Brigandage in the Southern provinces still continues to be the plague of Italian Governments, and the fashionable pastime of the emissaries of the late King of NAPLES. It seems, for some reason or other, to be thought advantageous to the BOURBON cause that diligences should be stopped upon the Roman frontier, and that wealthy farmers from the villages should every now and then be carried off into the mountains. Upon some similar principle, French *émigrés* at the beginning of the century delighted in the exploits of the Chouans, and the famous GEORGES combined the two characters of bandit and Royalist agent in his own adventurous person. FRANCIS II. possibly considers that it is a fine stroke of statesmanship for an exiled monarch to contribute to the discomfort of his former subjects, and unfortunately the annoyance which the troubled state of the South affords to the Italian Executive encourages the son of BOMBA in this ingenious view. French troops scattered among the little Papal towns keep the POPE's officials in, and keep the BOURBON brigands out; but if the POPE were left to his own resources, undisturbed by the Piedmontese and unprotected by the French, the Roman territory would soon become once again an asylum *gentium*, and a receptacle of thieves. Meanwhile, FRANCIS II. enjoys at the Papal Court the honours of a martyr; and the only moral drawn by the organs of Catholicism from the prevalence of robberies upon the frontier is that VICTOR EMMANUEL's Government is a mistake. The ordinary stories of plunder and of rapine have been varied lately by an incident to which the population of the Papal States is disposed to attach an exorbitant importance. Incapable of coping successfully with the brigandage on the Neapolitan side of Rome, the French have summoned to their assistance the neighbouring Italian troops; and the Italian uniform has been permitted to cross the frontier of the Papal States with the tacit acquiescence of the POPE. It is something to learn that PRO NONO hates brigandage more than he hates the Italian flag; but the English gentleman who has been ordered to leave Rome for riding a steeplechase in Piedmontese colours will serve as a proof that the Vatican is not the less inclined to look on the Italian tricolour as an accursed thing. The reconciliation of the Papacy and Italy is a dream which the French EMPEROR cannot look to realize at present; and so far as this may be the object of M. DE PERSIGNY's voyage, that Imperial servant has probably arrived at Rome in vain. It still remains undecided whether HIS HOLINESS will be persuaded by the French diplomatist to use the interval of time that is left to him for forming, or attempting to form, a military force. The question cannot be determined in the affirmative unless the Papal Court abandons its half-formed resolution, of retiring from Rome of its own free motion, simultaneously with the promised exodus of the French. If PRO NONO resolves at last to stay, there can be little doubt that he will require to increase considerably his present army. No addition to the Papal military force that he can make would be of much service in case of an *émeute*; but the Vatican

cannot decently decline to strengthen its own hands against the marauding bands that amuse themselves with rendering all Roman travelling unsafe. France is its one earthly hope and defence against Italian aggression, but soldiers might conceivably be of service to it for the protection of its subjects' lives. To persist in raising none will be a proof, not that it is prepared to brave the dangers, but that it is resolved not to attempt any of the duties, of governing.

JUDGE SMITH ON THE ST. ALBAN'S CASE.

THE perverse decisions and absurd arguments of inferior Canadian judges cause sensible Englishmen the same kind of annoyance which is felt by a respectable person when he hears that his child, his errand-boy, or his cow has been trespassing on the land of a quarrelsome and litigious neighbour. The Imperial Government has enough to do in avoiding, by the strictest observance of law and international decorum, the collisions which are constantly impending from the overbearing temper of the Northern Americans. It has been necessary to be absolutely deaf to verbal provocations; nor will the general equanimity be seriously disturbed even when Mr. SEWARD, with perhaps unconscious rudeness, assures a Washington audience that, on certain conditions, he will postpone the seizure of Canada until the province itself desires annexation to the United States. The exercise of patience is perhaps wholesome, though it is painful, and it is rendered easier by the consciousness of being absolutely in the right. It is in the highest degree provoking to be driven to the vicarious confession that Canadian judges are not to be trusted with the guardianship of public law. There has been no instance, since the beginning of the war, of a concession or apology on the part of England which has not been welcomed in the United States as a proof of weakness or cowardice. When Judge COURSEL liberated the St. Alban's prisoners, his decision was instantly repudiated by English lawyers, and his acts were as far as possible reversed by the Canadian Government. The unanimous desire to do justice to America was attributed to the insolent threat of General DIX, and the disapprobation which has been caused by the second discharge of the culprits will be explained as the natural result of the defeat of the Confederate army and of the occupation of Richmond. The blustering neighbour will cherish a grievance which enables him to impose an apparent humiliation on the object of his envy and dislike. Mr. SEWARD, with his usual good feeling and good breeding, contrasted the conduct of the English Government, to its disadvantage, with the scrupulous friendliness of China and the equity of Turkey. He might more plausibly compare the COURSELS and the SMITHS to Asiatic Cadis, except that the Turkish judge wisely abstains from giving reasons for an iniquitous decision. If the St. Alban's prisoners had been released on the ground of insufficient evidence, it could only have been conjectured that the Court at Montreal had arrived at an unsound conclusion; but the arguments by which the refusal of a sentence of extradition were in fact supported would excuse a denial of justice in still more flagrant cases.

The facts of the case appear not to have been disputed even by the prisoners themselves. They admit the violent seizure of property belonging to the bank of St. Alban's in Vermont, and the homicide which was committed at the same time. Having accomplished their object, they took refuge in the neighbouring province of Canada, and they are charged on the part of the Government of the United States with robbery and murder. If their offence were political, it would be excluded by express words from the terms of the Treaty of Extradition; and, on the other hand, if they were acting as lawful belligerents at St. Alban's, they are entitled to absolute immunity, except so far as they may have violated the sovereignty of a neutral Power. The confusion of thought which pervades the entire judgment is especially exhibited in Judge SMITH's unnecessary contention that political offenders were not subject to extradition. If a rebellion had broken out in Vermont, the defeated insurgents would have been safe on their arrival in Canada, although they might incidentally have injured the persons and property of American citizens; but the prisoners at the bar could not be at the same time domestic conspirators and privileged foreign enemies. It was not pretended that they had accomplices or political adherents in Vermont, and, on their own theory, they had undertaken a hostile invasion of the State. The alternative lay between legitimate plunder and robbery, and between the use of military force and murder. It was irrelevant to discuss the exception of political offences, and it

was still more absurd to pretend that the treaty itself was obsolete. The same extravagance was propounded, not on the bench, but at the bar of a Commissioner's Court of New York, by the advocate who was employed to resist the extradition of MÜLLER. For the amusement of an idle audience, and in default of any serious argument, the counsel for the prisoner then asserted that England and the United States were in a state of constructive war, by which existing treaties were abrogated. The mob laughed and applauded, but the Commissioner decided that the case against MÜLLER was proved, without even noticing the paradoxes which had been ostensibly urged in his defence. Judge SMITH would scarcely have thrown a doubt on the binding force of the treaty if he had been satisfied with his own reasons for declining to apply it in the particular case.

The case for the prisoners mainly rested on their alleged commission, and on the supposed recognition of their acts by the Confederate Government. There seems to have been considerable doubt as to the sufficiency of proof of the commission, nor is it clear that the offence which was charged by the prosecution was formally adopted as its own act by the Government at Richmond. It might have been admitted, however, that the Court of Montreal was competent to determine matters of detail, if the judgment had not turned on a general proposition which is demonstrably erroneous. When an officer or soldier performs an act within the scope of his proper duties, his responsibility is undoubtedly covered as soon as his Government formally approves his conduct. If a subordinate Federal officer had invaded Canada under colour of General DIX's order, before it was revoked, he would have commenced a regular though unjustifiable war, and, if he had been captured, he would only have suffered a temporary deprivation of liberty. It is at the same time evident that a Government can only authorize proceedings in the nature of legitimate war. The criminals who were lately executed at New York for attempts to set fire to buildings in the city declared that it was their intention to retaliate for the ravages committed by General SHERIDAN in the valley of the Shenandoah. The excuse may possibly have satisfied their own consciences, but it could not be said even to partake of the nature of a legal defence. General SHERIDAN's destruction of property was effected by a regular army for professedly military purposes. It is not war, but arson, for a guest at an hotel to apply a lighted lucifer match to the curtains. Two hundred years before, LOUIS XIV. and LOUVORS treated the Palatinate as General SHERIDAN treated a part of the Confederate territory. Their conduct is condemned by history as a crime, but the officers who obeyed their instructions have never been regarded as vulgar robbers and assassins. The Confederate Government had as little right to break open a bank in Vermont as to set fire to New York. There were no military operations to which the measure could be accessory; and even if the act had been morally justifiable, the perpetrators would have undertaken it at their own personal risk. A spy within the enemy's lines may be a man of honour and a devoted patriot, but, if he is caught, he is liable to be hanged. The prisoners committed a municipal crime in the territory of the United States, and they ought to have been surrendered as soon as the facts were proved before the proper Canadian tribunal. When JOHN the Painter was executed in the first American war for an attempt to set fire to the English dockyards, suspicious persons asserted that Dr. FRANKLIN was privy to the crime; but it never occurred either to friends or enemies to allege that the Continental Congress could have protected the criminal by acknowledging his act.

Judge SMITH's arguments and his references to authority were not less strange than the substance of his decision. It is impossible to understand how General DIX could convert a private outrage into an act of war by ordering that future culprits should be shot wherever they were found. Canadian Courts have nothing to do with the more or less regular administration of justice on American soil. If military law prevails in Vermont, it cannot follow that the robbery of a bank becomes part of a regular campaign. The proclamations or proceedings of a Federal officer can in no degree have affected the legal character of a previous transaction; but Judge SMITH appears to have thought that speeches, despatches, and letters in newspapers were as available for precedents as judicial decisions. In the course of his judgment he quoted Lord RUSSELL, and Mr. SEWARD, and the letters of *Historicus*, which must have been oddly garbled before they could have served the purpose. A judge cannot be too careful both in the choice and in the citation of authorities, and he exposes himself to reasonable suspicion when he mixes up political documents with the reported judgments of competent tribunals. It was

unfortunate that an erroneous decision should flatter the local prejudices of the audience. Bad law itself is discredited by noisy popularity, which suggests a motive for intentional error. The people of Montreal and of other parts of Canada may perhaps have plausible reasons for disliking their formidable neighbours, but in a court of justice the most obnoxious litigant is entitled to his due.

ANOTHER NEW ZEALAND WAR.

THERE is no controversy so difficult of adjustment as that which occasionally arises between those who are desirous of eating and those who had rather not be eaten. It is one in which the ingenuity of mediators is hopelessly at fault. There is no possible device of compromise which there is any chance of inducing both parties to accept cheerfully. No modifications of form, no contrivances for saving honour, can affect the question at issue. The inconvenience of being masticated upon one side, or of going dinnerless on the other, is an inconvenience of a substantial and genuine kind, and is totally free from all admixture of pedantry or punctilio. Nor, again, is it easy to induce either party to meet the other half-way. It would be no use, for instance, to attempt to mediate in the standing quarrel upon this subject that exists between the cat and the mouse, by proposing that the cat should, in a spirit of compromise, be satisfied with half the subject-matter of the dispute—two legs, say, and three ribs. Such a settlement of the question would not be satisfactory to the mouse, and would leave the cat very hungry still. The most earnest peacemaker cannot do much to bring such a contest to an amicable termination. It must be fought out. There is no middle point for the cat between entire failure and absolute success, and spectators of a humane temperament must make up their minds to see the chase continue until either the cat has finished her meal or the mouse is in a place of safety.

These reflections may console us for the depressing intelligence that we have begun another New Zealand war, upon an entirely new battle-field, and in a skirmish in which apparently our troops have been, to make the best of it, incompletely successful. It is difficult to say that anybody is to blame except the GOVERNOR, long since removed, who, to gratify a strong and urgent public feeling, committed the act which began this never-ending quarrel. The New Zealand Government has discovered that the interior of the country is impenetrable except by a much larger military force than any that we should care to expend in such a service. The cause of this impenetrability is the absence of roads; and it was calculated that, if roads were made, the natives might be kept in subjugation even by so small a number of troops as the colonists themselves could afford to bring into the field. Unfortunately, the justice of this obvious theory was as evident to the natives as it was to the Europeans; and, from the colonists' previous experience of their sagacity in such matters, there could be little doubt that they would not sit quietly by and see the forest fastnesses made untenable which had heretofore proved their only efficient defence. They did not in effect forsake the vigilance they have hitherto practised. A road was commenced by the English troops from Whanganui to Taranaki, through the heart of the territory of the most hostile tribes. The natives warned the Government that any such attempt to break through their defences would be regarded as a hostile act, and they kept their word. The result does not appear to have been decisive; but the loss, considering the number of men engaged and the almost entire absence of artillery, was certainly heavy. The kind of spirit engendered by this sort of desultory warfare with an enemy who, however patriotic and brave, is fearfully barbarous in his mode of fighting, may be judged of from the following brief notice of an incident which occurred after the engagement was over:—"A wounded Maori was making his escape from the field of battle when a boy ten or twelve years of age, who came from Auckland with the 50th, knocked him down and killed him with a piece of stick. He was rewarded by a gift of 20s. from one officer, and 10s. from another."

This road-making battle, which will probably lead to other affairs of the same kind, is a good illustration of the hopelessness of arranging a peaceful settlement of a quarrel where the two contending parties have learned to look upon the national extinction of one of them as the matter at stake between them. The New Zealand Government has a perfect right to make the road; it is a power with which no Government can consent to part. But, on the other side, the natives cannot be expected to submit quietly to an operation which

amounts to the dismantling of their fortifications. Peace, in other words, is impossible between a Government and those whom it claims to govern, until either the resistance of the latter is crushed, or they have learned to trust the Government. If a Government is to be efficient, its power must be sufficient to make armed resistance to its authority impossible; but no race will trust a Government with such authority if it believes that that authority will be used for its own extinction. The affair of the Waitara has left a distrust upon the native mind which mere words will not rub out. They have seen "a Chancery suit settled by a guard of infantry," and a piece of land occupied by English soldiers in the Crown's name, which the Crown had bought from a fictitious owner. This first false step has vitiated the whole course of subsequent policy. The natives cannot be persuaded that land is not the object of the war. The quarrel was begun by an act of confiscation in time of profound peace; as it continues, measures of confiscation are passed, including in their scope the property of loyal, as well as of rebellious, natives; and the scheme of confiscations widens and widens in proportion to the success of the English army. If the course of the war tends to create this impression, it is not weakened by the language of the settlers themselves. The demands of the Colonial press go as far beyond the action of the Government as the Government itself has, in some points, exceeded the limits of reprisal which would have been traced by public opinion in England. The case of the Northern Island of New Zealand sufficiently establishes the impossibility of popular government in a country which includes a large proportion of an alien race too little civilized to bear a part in it. Such a race may obey and trust in a single ruler, who measures with care every word he publicly utters; but it never can submit with confidence to the authority of a self-governed multitude. A community is never discreet and reserved in the expression of its opinions or its wishes. The very machinery of popular government, the outspoken agitation by which public opinion is swayed and the votes of Legislatures influenced, is inconsistent with prudent reticence. Statements and phrases in abundance are sure to appear in newspapers, which, even if they do not represent the dominant feeling of the colony, will be sufficient to alarm a nation or race jealous of its rights, and irritated at its own decaying importance. Such phrases would have little importance were not those who utter them themselves part of the governing body which is able to carry them into effect. The clamour of a Calcutta newspaper for some act of injustice towards the native proprietors is comparatively harmless, because it represents no political power. But a New Zealand newspaper, demanding land or extermination, speaks to the New Zealand native as the voice of the power by which New Zealand Governments are set up or overthrown.

The present aspect of the internal politics of New Zealand is not cheerful to the inhabitants, but it is even more disheartening for the English taxpayer. For him there can be no possible result of the new war, except that of having a long bill to pay. Perhaps his gloomy prospects are all the more depressing that a gleam of delusive hope was vouchsafed to him a month or two ago. The startling but delightful intelligence reached England that a New Zealand Prime Minister had taken office with the avowed policy of rejecting all Imperial military aid, and with it, of course, all Imperial interference. The news seemed too good to be true. If the proposal had merely made its appearance in a Parliamentary speech, or in the manifesto of some New Zealand agent in England, it would have been received distrustfully. But it was one of the formal conditions submitted by Mr. WELD to Sir GEORGE GREY before he took office, and "presented by command" to the New Zealand Assembly. Perhaps the observations in Parliament upon that State paper, and the comments of the newspapers upon it, have by this time reached Mr. WELD. If so, he must be laughing heartily at our simplicity. We English people actually took him at his word, and flattered ourselves that the chronic burden of New Zealand wars was on the point of being taken off for ever. But the Parliament has separated; the Ministry have established themselves at one end of the island, and the GOVERNOR has settled down at the other; and while the GOVERNOR is making peace at his end, the Ministers are getting up another war at their end, and fighting it, as of old, with English troops, at the cost of the English Treasury. There is one remedy that would certainly put a stop to this long series of New Zealand wars, so far as England is concerned; but whether any other plan of equal efficacy could be found is, after these last events, open to considerable doubt.

THE BRIGHTON REVIEW.

THE only novelty of the Easter Monday Review was the return of the Volunteers to their earliest field of battle, after the rather unsuccessful attempt of last year to discover another equally suitable locality. The advantages of an occasional change of ground are obvious enough, if only to test the capacities of different lines of railway for the work which would fall upon them if ever the services of the Volunteers should be required for real warfare; but even without the experience of Guildford, it is easy to see that no place could be found comparable to Brighton for all the requirements of the annual military holiday. The sea is itself no small attraction to dusty Londoners; the broad heights and valleys of the downs are unequalled as a field for military manœuvres; and the town itself supplies an amount of accommodation both for the civilian army and the hosts of spectators which is nowhere else to be found. From these or other causes, it is certain that the muster on the downs was considerably larger than on any previous occasion; and to the practised eyes of the many military spectators of the mimic fight it must, we think, have been apparent that both officers and men have been making progress year by year, and are rapidly approaching a standard of efficiency which removes all doubt as to their value should they ever be called out for the defence of the country.

The most enthusiastic supporters of the Volunteer movement when it was first set on foot could scarcely have reckoned on the persistency which has been displayed for the last five years. Tried by every test, the result is the same. Not only are the total numbers of enrolled and effective Volunteers steadily increasing, but each successive muster on the annual field-day (with the exception of the experimental gathering at Guildford) has shown a greater or less advance in strength as well as in efficiency. This year the force assembled comprised nearly 21,000 men, who had grudged no effort to be present at the hard day's work which they knew was in store for them. The clamorous popularity of the early days of Volunteering has long since vanished, to the great comfort of the objects of those noisy demonstrations; but the crowds that lined the Parade and covered the race course on Monday testified to the unabated interest still felt in the army which represents the national spirit of resistance to any possible aggression. The programme of the day showed the confidence which is justly reposed in the training, limited as it is, of the Volunteer troops. Without any previous intimation of the duties they were called upon to perform, the two opposing divisions of the force were arrayed against each other and handled at the will of the generals in command, with as much apparent facility as if their lives had been devoted to military exercises. Whatever defects in detail might disclose themselves to critical and experienced eyes, the grand movements were effected with as much ease and certainty as if soldiering had been the business, instead of the pastime, of those engaged; and the illusion of the scene was well sustained by the extensive and somewhat complicated disposition and movements of the contending forces. On some former occasions the manœuvres may have been more striking and more readily intelligible to spectators; but the Volunteers have perhaps never been engaged in a mock fight which bore so near a resemblance to the conflict of armies in the field. Their strength was sufficient to occupy the whole extent of a valley nearly two miles in breadth, together with the enclosing heights; and the tactics, both of the attacking enemy and the army which was supposed to cover the London road, were such as might well be adopted in real warfare. That it was difficult for spectators to comprehend precisely what was going on, and not always easy for the troops engaged to distinguish enemies from friends, may not have diminished the resemblance to an actual battle; and the surprise with which the defenders found themselves, towards the close of the day, outflanked by a strong detachment which had been moved under cover of the heights, was as genuine, though not quite so alarming, as if the attack had come from an invading army. The patriotic desire to drive back the enemy into the sea was certainly not gratified; for, thanks to their superiority of force, the invaders contrived to hem in the army of defence, before the close of the day, in a manner which would have left them but a poor chance of escape. The utmost they could do was to threaten with annihilation certain portions of the attacking army, which, either from real or designed mistakes, ventured too far forward in their eager advance, and no want of promptitude was shown in seizing upon every opportunity of the kind which the vicissitudes of the mock battle presented. It would be paying too great a compliment to the public to say

that they conformed to the directions by which it was hoped to avoid the confusion—and, indeed, the danger—which arose at Guildford from the intermingling of troops and spectators; but the great mass of the lookers-on were wise enough to remain on the heights allotted to them, and were rewarded by obtaining a much more satisfactory view than was secured by the more adventurous spirits who made it a point of honour to station themselves between the opposing lines. Nor ought we to omit an acknowledgment of the good service rendered by the Railway Company. The liberal extension of time granted to those who wished to go to Brighton before the Review-day, or to remain afterwards, lightened the task of the Company, at the same time that it accommodated the Volunteers; and though the regular and excursion traffic was not materially interfered with, the London Volunteers were carried to their destination and back again with all the punctuality that could reasonably be desired. The absence of any very serious accident, the fineness of the weather, the excellence of the arrangements, and the evident improvement in the troops, made the whole affair as complete a success as could be desired; and we need wish the Volunteers no better fortune than that they may always maintain the same progress in efficiency and numbers which they have, up to the present time, displayed.

One essential quality of effective troops it was impossible to test upon the review-ground, but the people of Brighton had not forgotten that a soldier must be able to make good use of ball-cartridge, and had supplemented the field-day by a series of contests at the butts, which occupied the many Volunteers who were collected in Brighton for the days before and after the great review. Another great competition, which had only just closed, served as a still stronger proof that a large proportion of the Volunteers are at least as proficient in the use of their rifles as in the manœuvres of drill. About a week before the Brighton review, some 4,000 picked shots, representing various battalions and companies over all parts of England and Scotland, were diligently engaged in a simultaneous contest at their respective butts. The returns will show, even more fully than the shooting at Wimbledon, how large a number of formidable shots the Volunteer force can produce. The official record of those who have qualified for the Government grant tells us only that upwards of 60,000 of our civilian troops have a soldierly acquaintance with the use of their rifles; but contests like those we have referred to are evidence of the existence of at least several thousands of Volunteers who have advanced very far beyond this limited standard, and who would be dangerous adversaries at any distance which their weapons could command. A force thoroughly handy, if not in all respects of finished excellence, and comprising within it many thousands of first-rate marksmen, is one that no enemy could afford to despise; and, as long as the Easter Monday displays continue to be as attractive and satisfactory as they have hitherto proved, there need be no apprehension of any flagging in zeal, or any deterioration in numbers or in skill. Each year, by force of custom, the impression produced by a fully anticipated success becomes inevitably weakened; but it is not the less remarkable that the repetition which has toned down the excitement of spectators has done nothing to abate the ardour of the Volunteers.

The force has, especially during the last year or two, been undergoing a very important though gradual change for the better. The more unstable of the early Volunteers have been weeded out, and those who remain represent, to a much greater extent than at first, the sense of patriotic duty which keeps men to their work though all the excitement of novelty has long since passed away. The morale and the skill of our Volunteer defenders have advanced together, and though it would be very wrong to wish to see them engaged in any conflict more formidable than the mock fight in the Bevendean Valley, it is difficult to look upon an instrument of so much power without an almost irresistible longing to witness it in actual operation. That the power and the will to use it, if the occasion should ever come, are there, no one now affects to doubt; and there is, happily, good ground for the confident belief that the existence of the Volunteers will always prove sufficient to avert the only contingency in which they could be summoned to actual service. Their mettle is scarcely likely to be tested so long as their organization is kept up with the vigour that has hitherto animated the force; and, however this may disappoint a few of the more eager among them, our army of defence will not be the less prized if it keeps the country safe, not only from the consequences, but from the threat, of invasion.

THE SAFFRON-HILL MURDER.

THREE trials, conducted under the most solemn auspices, and with the greatest patience and impartiality, have not been sufficient to carry the conviction of absolute certainty as to the facts of the Saffron-Hill Murder. As we have already commented on the evidence produced on the first trial, which resulted in the conviction of the Italian SERAFINO PELIZZONI for the wilful murder of one HARRINGTON, and also on the second trial, which resulted in a verdict of manslaughter against the Italian GREGORIO MOGNI for the same homicide, we shall assume a familiarity on the part of our readers with all the details of the evidence. The third trial, although substantially it involved the same issue, was in form a very different proceeding. PELIZZONI was tried last week for wounding nearly to death a second victim, one REBECK, a potman, who was stabbed in the same wretched brawl. The evidence given on the two previous trials came in this third inquiry into direct conflict. On the one hand, evidence complete and perfect in every detail was offered that in both cases—that of HARRINGTON, who was killed, and of REBECK, who was all but mortally stabbed—PELIZZONI's knife, and PELIZZONI's knife alone, was at work. It was proved by a large body of testimony that PELIZZONI alone was in the room when the fatal blows were struck. The landlord—who, if he were prejudiced at all, must have been more prejudiced against MOGNI, who had previously assaulted him, than against PELIZZONI—gave direct evidence against the latter. The murdered man HARRINGTON, who could have had no more special spite against PELIZZONI than against MOGNI, identified PELIZZONI as his murderer. REBECK, again, who was precisely in the same position towards the Italians generally and personally, swore that it was PELIZZONI who stabbed him. The bystanders, in considerable numbers, were all in the same story. Their account of the matter is clear, connected, and intelligible. The woman who held the door when it was forced open by PELIZZONI, and who alone, of all the Italians, got admittance into the room; the people who were in the room, and who saw PELIZZONI use his knife; the man who knocked PELIZZONI down; the other man who seized PELIZZONI immediately after he dealt the blows with the knife, and who held him till he was delivered into the hands of the police—all these persons swore distinctly to the same consistent account of the brawl. If ever there was a case in which there was nothing of what is called circumstantial evidence, but in which (and it is a very rare occurrence) the direct testimony of a whole cloud of eye-witnesses to a murder was forthcoming, it was here.

On the other hand, we have, on the two last trials, a totally different account of the facts. GREGORIO MOGNI comes forward, under the auspices of a certain Mr. NEGRETTI, an instrument-maker, who seems to be in some sort the *padrone* of the ill-favoured Italian colony of Saffron Hill, and volunteers—only there is nothing very voluntary about the matter—a confession that he stabbed both HARRINGTON and REBECK. PELIZZONI, to exculpate whom, and to exculpate whom alone, this remarkable piece of evidence was produced, was not, so MOGNI asserts—and his evidence is supported by divers of his countrymen—the only person in the bagatelle-room when the deadly blows were dealt. Indeed, he was not in the room at all till after the free use of the knife by GREGORIO MOGNI, and perhaps by his brother, was over. PELIZZONI was knocked down by mistake by the Englishmen; seized by mistake; sworn to as the murderer by mistake; convicted by mistake. The result is that the whole body of testimony produced with such minute and fearful accuracy against PELIZZONI was a pure invention, and that as many as nine witnesses deliberately committed perjury for no sufficient, we had almost said for no conceivable, object whatever. The whole interest of the case, therefore, turns rather on moral considerations. In this direct and absolute conflict of depositions as to facts, confronting and contradicting each other with the most sturdy and resolute antagonism, there is nothing left for the mind to do but wholly to reject the one mass of testimony, and to accept *en bloc* the other. And, were this all, to toss up a shilling, and to bring in a verdict accordingly, would be almost a natural solution of the difficulty. But the advocates of MOGNI's story are ready with a theory to account for the bias of the evidence given against PELIZZONI. That evidence proceeded from one party; the witnesses against PELIZZONI were all English; therefore they must be all in one story. They and the police had—whether intentionally or not is unimportant—got hold of the view of PELIZZONI's guilt. It would never do for them to admit that they had made a mistake. Once having committed themselves to a theory and history of the crime, they must at all hazards stick to their original impression of the events. The influence of the police was brought to bear on the whole body

of English witnesses, because the character of the police would suffer if it could be made out that they had blundered in arresting and prosecuting the wrong man. This is the general account of the matter produced in PELIZZONI's defence; and on this it is obvious to remark that it all looks a great deal too ingenious, and has a much too *ex post facto* aspect about it, to be accepted without serious misgivings. Granted that the English as such might have a general prejudice against the Italians as such, this clever and subtle theory might stand very well if the doubt had been whether it was an Italian or an Englishman who was the murderer. But when the choice lay only between two Italians—that is, between PELIZZONI and MOGNI—there seems to be no reason whatever for all the English to agree in convicting the wrong Italian. PELIZZONI and MOGNI must have been equally, and only equally, obnoxious to the English witnesses. It must have been a matter of perfect indifference to the Englishmen of Saffron Hill, as it is to the Englishmen of all England, which of two Italians was a bloody murderer, seeing that it is quite certain, and has never been disputed, that it was an Italian, and not an Englishman, who did the deed. We are, therefore, led to the conclusion that all this exceedingly pretty but highly improbable theory of the vindictive conduct of the police is mere moonshine. It is a vulgar and easy Old Bailey device to divert attention from the facts of the case. It is only the old story of abusing the prosecutor, and imputing vile motives to him, when you cannot break down his witnesses.

Driven, therefore, to the necessity of deciding the question by moral considerations, and of weighing the various motives which may be assigned to account for the general character of the contradictory evidence as given on either side, we cannot see that the Italian theory supports the facts of the case. The alleged motives are inadequate; a wish to bolster up the honour and credit of the police is not a sufficient ground for the deliberate and persistent false testimony of all the English witnesses. On the other hand, we are confronted with a most formidable fact. GREGORIO MOGNI, in the most hardened and cold-blooded way, confesses to the crime of stabbing. He stabbed those people, and he must have known that he stabbed them. He owns that he ran amuck against all the English he saw, and plunged his knife into everybody right and left. And so conscious was he of his guilt that he went down to hide himself at Birmingham, although at the moment he was not so frightened at what he had done but that, after the affray was over, he went back to the scene of the bloody brawl to look for his hat. Then, as to his confession, it was extracted under very peculiar circumstances. Mr. NEGRETTI—who, for some reason or other, a patriotic one as he asserts, took an extraordinary interest in the affair, and has not thought it contrary to his notions of fair dealing to get up a vulgar cry against the police—got this confession out of MOGNI. The confession as originally given, and as we have already remarked in our comments on MOGNI's trial for HARRINGTON's murder, was not that he (MOGNI) had stabbed HARRINGTON, but that he had stabbed somebody. But a good tale grows by keeping. It improves in consistency, point, and completeness by being dwelt upon and carefully nursed. MOGNI's original Birmingham confession, that he had stabbed somebody, at length comes out in the full-blown Old Bailey form that he had stabbed HARRINGTON, and that he had stabbed REBECK, and that he knew all along whom he had stabbed. Against this cold-blooded and horrible confession it is argued that really it is too good to be true—too complete, too neat, too satisfactory. There is a superfluity of arrogance about it which makes one disposed to distrust it. All very large and broad confessions labour under this difficulty. They are unnatural. But, it is said, will any man be such an arrant fool as, only for the chivalrous credit of saving his cousin from the gallows, confess to what he knows to be false, when the only certain result of his confession is that it must consign him to prison for many years? All that can be said is that such cases have happened, and have repeatedly happened. In a rude and coarse people we have known of many such instances of devotion. Many a rough, and in his way affectionate, Highlander would in the good old days have given himself, not to the gaol only, but to the gallows, to save his chief. PELIZZONI was a sort of leading man among the Italians; MOGNI was his cousin; and the claims of clanship and kinship may be as strong in Piedmont as in the Highlands. No doubt there are difficulties in accepting this view of MOGNI's confession. But, on the whole, these difficulties are not greater than—perhaps they are not so great as—those on the opposite side. Something wild, extravagant, grotesque, and improbable attaches to either view; and we are left to choose which is the least

extravagantly improbable—that Mogni's confession is substantially fictitious, or that the whole evidence against PELIZIONI is suborned, if not perjured. And, in estimating the inclination of the balance, we cannot forget what the whole conduct of the Italian community, and of the advocates of PELIZIONI's innocence, has been throughout this matter. English justice will be seriously imperilled if, as seems likely, it is to become the rule for a whole body of foreigners in this country, be they Germans or Italians, whenever one of their compatriots is the subject of a criminal indictment, to adopt the tactics which have been resorted to in this terrible affair. There is not a shadow of a shade of evidence for the charge made against the police by PELIZIONI's friends and patrons; and a sense of decency, if not a respect for justice, ought to have prevented the discreditable display of feeling which Italians, and it seems some of official rank, were not ashamed to make during these memorable trials.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

WHEN Boswell wrote the best biography in our language, the merits of his work were thought to be proportioned to the failings of his mind and character. The idiosyncrasy which fitted him to act the part of valet to Dr. Johnson's personification of a hero, and the singular infelicity which led him to blunder into the silliest view of every conceivable subject, enabled him also to produce an exquisite work of literary art. He was the happiest example of that paradoxical genius which should be named after Lord Macaulay, as their best historian, if not their actual discoverer. A man who could be not unfairly described as being a great writer for the very reason that he was a great fool, could have sat for his portrait to no fitter painter. It does not require much penetration to point out that the paradox is, even in this case, superficial. Boswell's defects must have been backed by great positive merits. Comparing the vast number of fools and valets in the world, and the number even of persons who happily combine the two sets of characteristics, with the very small number of good books, it is plain that a good book requires something more than this common combination. The paradox is in fact constructed, like many of Lord Macaulay's, by looking merely at the bad side of one quality and the good side of another, and wondering that they should be united. If, instead of calling Boswell a valet, we call him an admirer of greater men than himself, half the paradox disappears. Boswell's chief singularity was in his choice of an idol. He had the great merit of bowing down before a really great man. Men of similar temperament and of similar abilities are far from uncommon; the rarity is to find in them even a rudimentary instinct of hero-worship. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they are content with worshipping their own image. It is amongst these self-regarding Boswells that we find the choicest specimens of autobiographers. Special circumstances every now and then induce men of a different class to write their own lives; but the genuine autobiographer is the man who loves, honours, and admires himself as Boswell loved, honoured, and admired Johnson. A thorough enthusiasm in the work, an unfeigned delight in constantly contemplating its subject, is as necessary in this as in other branches of literature. No one should write his own life who cannot conscientiously invite the world in general to come and be edified; he should instinctively adopt the attitude of a gentleman in the Exhibition, posing himself for public admiration. Men of less superabundant self-complacency generally break down in the attempt. They sometimes write fragments which conduct us through their boyhood; but when they come near the period over which the sense of personal identity practically extends, and during which they have reached something like their present stage of development, they begin to shrink from the task. In Franklin's autobiography, he tells us that he had made a list of a dozen cardinal virtues, and that by practising each in turn he had approached perfection in all. One who could sincerely believe this would of course have no difficulty in confiding his experience to posterity. When a man of more simple character, like Sir Walter Scott, began to write his own life, he could speak with freedom only of his infancy. What he had to tell of himself was so far off that it was like speaking of some one else, and the narrative was chiefly composed of the impressions made upon him by others. When he was compelled to become the central figure in his own work, he found it impossible to continue. The inverted vanity which dictated Rousseau's confessions of the most contemptible vices is so rare as to be almost unique. An inordinate faculty of self-esteem thus provides the most favourable soil for the autobiography. There are some qualities which may be used as occasional substitutes for it. A religious man sometimes considers the process of his conversion to be of such surpassing importance that he is bound to sacrifice all natural reticence in making it known to the world; or a politician may be driven in self-defence to explain his share in historical transactions. But even such motives may be often resolved into an exaggerated estimate of a man's own importance. Conceit is a quality generally useful to its possessor; and this special exhibition of it is, by a happy compensation, useful to his neighbours also. It is scarcely possible for a man to write his own life without producing a book in some degree instructive. It differs from a biography as a photograph differs from a portrait; it is a picture of which the likeness does not depend upon the will of the artist, because the most characteristic touches are made

unconsciously. Even where the person described is so worthless that the self-analysis is uninteresting, the effect of contemporary circumstances in moulding his character soon gains an historical value. An autobiographer can hardly avoid telling us, either directly or by implication, what thoughts and what events most strongly impressed his youth; and this is the very point which a biographer generally overlooks, or supplies by conjecture. We may take the instance of a book which is so far an exception to our remarks that it is certainly not the result of undue self-conceit. The sketches which Dr. Newman has given of his intellectual progress are profoundly interesting to any one who wishes to understand the history of the time. No other man could have described so graphically the sources of vitality of the party to which he belonged. In a few years their motives will have become so unintelligible that, although they might have been slowly picked out of forgotten books, it would have been all but impossible to reconstruct a living picture of them. As it is, we have a lively and authentic record of a phase of opinion which was possible only at one epoch and under special circumstances. The elements whose concurrence was necessary for its establishment may never enter in the same proportions into the same combination again.

The rapidity with which the habits of thought of a particular period become obsolete, gives this special value to autobiography. There seems to be a certain epoch at which expiring social types incur the maximum danger of oblivion. There is a critical stage during which they have ceased to be matters of familiar knowledge, without rising to the dignity of history. A neutral ground of comparative ignorance lies between the events which have definitely come within the historian's province and those which are still in actual progress. Most men are specially ignorant of transactions that took place just before they were old enough to attend to what was passing around them. The labour of becoming acquainted with facts which must be sought out in the original sources is enough to deter inquirers of ordinary industry, and we are content to wait till the ore of history has been extracted from the crude masses of information. Hence there is a certain breach of continuity in our sympathies. We easily cease to appreciate modes of thought and feeling which were popular so lately as forty years ago. Some of the surviving members of the extinct sect have moved on with the time, and can estimate their former selves no better than younger men, and the few whose habits became early crystallized into a permanent shape are depositaries of a knowledge peculiar to themselves. Like the Jacobites of the end of the last century, they cherish old prejudices which we cannot even understand, and which perhaps were merely evanescent peculiarities in most of their contemporaries. If they die without giving their own impressions, no one else can draw their portraits. An unsympathetic generation may write their biographies, but the mere external view thus given is necessarily colourless. Even if their letters and journals are published, many men only express half their characters in such documents, and few men begin to write them till their character has been formed. We thus miss the interesting details which tell us how peculiarities so unintelligible to us were ever developed. It is specially useful, in such cases, to find a really fine example of the genuine conceited autobiographer, unconscious of his own absurdities, and consequently displaying them all the more vividly. Just as our acquaintance with the species is becoming faint, he fixes it permanently for us. He leaves a mark to show how far we have already drifted from the manners of an epoch still chronologically near. The period which is just now passing through this particular stage of dimness is that which succeeded the revolutionary war. Every now and then an old gentleman, who has preserved the peculiarities of the time, talks to us in the slang of thirty or forty years back. Much of his talk sounds almost as strange as the legends about shooting snipes in Regent Street. The code of morals of a certain class of the fine gentlemen of the period has become all but obsolete, and, from the specimens preserved, there seems to be little reason for regretting the loss. To judge from certain revelations that have been lately made, their character seems to have had an unpleasantly strong infusion of the prize-fighting—or, in American language, the rowdy—element. The disposition to appeal to physical force must have been inordinately developed in those times. To fight a duel was not an act of supreme absurdity, but was presumably creditable, and frequently a solemn duty. The congenial sports of cockfighting and ratting added a certain grace to the character. Amateur coach-driving, and sports of an equally mysterious nature to the rising generation, were considered amusing. Some good qualities, though generally of a rather coarse texture, are undoubtedly to be found in company with these peculiar tastes. Without passing any judgment upon the merits of this extinct variety of the human species, we may remark how much we owe to those who revive its likeness for us. By studying old caricatures, and dead literature, and a sufficient quantity of biographies and histories, we might form some guess at its prominent peculiarities; but until a real live specimen walks abroad and complacently exhibits itself, our imagination fails to supply any vivid picture of its appearance.

In reading history, where only the larger features of the time are preserved to us, we are generally struck with an opposite set of facts. We cannot help remarking the substantial similarity of national character in ancient and modern times. The same contrasts seem to have existed between different races for many ages. The Englishman of the nineteenth century is wonderfully like the Englishman of a hundred years ago, or the Englishman of Queen Elizabeth's time, and in many respects wonderfully like the

Englishman of the Norman Conquest. But, on the other hand, every century produces special varieties of the race, shaded off from each other by delicate differences, and constantly rising and disappearing. To catch their likeness it must be taken at the critical instant when they have ceased to be too familiar, and are not yet forgotten. The best and often the only qualified artists are then the survivors themselves. They have lived to degenerate days, to find themselves objects of irreverent and democratic ridicule. Their old companions have been swept into compliance with the popular current. They only deign to reply by throwing their pet prejudices and aversions into stronger relief, and assuaging their outworn creed more strongly than ever. The Jacobite clings to the divine right of kings; the gentleman who flourished in the reign of George IV. denounces the milkmaids of the present generation. To be capable of supporting the character of Abdell in such a cause requires a good fund of vigorous self-esteem; but an abnormal development of this quality is, as we have remarked, the first necessity for an autobiographer. He discharges unconsciously a duty which is not unimportant. He fixes the memory of certain evanescent phenomena of history, and he sometimes marks how great a progress may be made even in one generation.

FOOLS' PARADISES.

NO one can gainsay the general blamelessness of English literature, in point alike of purity, morality, and religious feeling generally. Such qualities are of course relative, as nothing human is perfect. Flaws may be detected here and there, but they are almost invisible when placed by the side of the defects of the literature of other countries. Our fiction may be trenching upon ground hitherto barred to English novelists, but the boldest sensation novel is very insipid compared with the highly-flavoured compositions upon which the French have been feeding for some generations past. The press in this country may have acquired a tolerance, and even a laxity, in dealing with questions of dogma, which has procured for it the reverse of canonization from more than one episcopal pen; but the robust scepticism of foreign writers looks down upon the tone of English literature on religious matters as a feeble and puling orthodoxy. And there is no doubt that, whatever our shortcomings may be, we are making efforts to remove them. Only recently we have succeeded in expelling from most of our daily newspapers the last plain-spoken indications of the existence of those fierce passions which have played so great a part in the history of the human race. That several of them have been induced to close their columns to shameful advertisements, and that others have been persuaded to reduce their reports of the proceedings of the Divorce Court to a dry summary, is, no doubt, an important victory for morality. A very slight censorship applied to the police reports will complete the process of purification. Our newspapers will then be entirely "fit for family reading." The same expurgation has been applied to all other kinds of printed matter. A perfect library of neutralized literature has been produced for the consumption of the drawing-room. Even scientific works fight shy of equivocal subjects. Bowdlerization has long since ceased to be exclusively applied to Shakespeare and Gibbon. The Bible, indeed, has been spared as yet; and indeed, in the vigorous distinctness with which some parts of it are read out by uncompromising curates, symptoms of a reaction may be discovered. No doubt it will have the honour of being devoured last. But the knife is being applied with unsparing vigour to the compositions of older generations who had not hit upon the idea of abolishing spades by calling them something else. Only the other day a critic in the *Times* vehemently scolded a French editor, because he had published an edition of Madame de Sevigné, and had omitted to cut out the naughty passages. The great object of shutting the eyes of the young to the very existence of vice is, so far as the printing-press is concerned, nearly complete. The nursery interpretation of the seventh commandment, that it is going to live in somebody else's house without the consent of your papa and mamma, is coming to be recognised as the only true one. Reproduction is wholly ignored, except among vegetables; and the young botanist no doubt concludes the rest of creation to belong to the class of *Cryptogamia*.

The enlightened foreigner, or the Japanese, or the future New Zealander, or whoever else it may be the habit in this country to invoke as a critic of our national peculiarities, would certainly give us a very good character for morality if he were to draw his opinion solely from our literature. If he were to walk down Regent Street on a fine afternoon, he would come to an opposite conclusion. If our literature may be contrasted favourably with the rest of the world, the balance is fully redeemed by the appearance of our streets. There is no other town in the world where one side of the principal street is so entirely monopolized by one class of the population that a respectable woman cannot walk there in broad daylight, if the afternoon be fine, without the certainty of being insulted. Nor, again, would our foreign critic find reason to alter this latter judgment if he went into society, and heard from the upper classes an account of their own morality; or if he attended at Sir J. Wilde's Court and heard the social habits of the middle classes illustrated by example; or if he studied the description which Assistant-Commissioners on Education, and other equally credible authorities, have to give of the morals of that idol of modern politicians—the intelligent working-man.

In fact, we have not much to boast of over past generations in this respect. The reticence we have imposed upon the press no more ensures purity of morals than the silence forced upon the Paris press during a contested election ensures the return of the Imperial candidate. The ignorance which is maintained wholly among young people, and partially among older people, by these restraints on writers, would be called a fool's paradise if it were maintained by an individual, or an insignificant class of men. But the fools would be unduly complimented by the comparison. The reserve upon these subjects, however absurd its results may often be, probably does more good than harm. The evil of it is, that it postpones that reaction against vices which they naturally excite when they run high, and therefore may be said to defeat the natural remedy. But there seems to be a greater advantage in the chance which it gives to so many people of escaping altogether temptations before which they might give way. Still the benefits of this attempt to put the female portion of the respectable community into blinkers may be questioned. The real extent of their ignorance is a matter upon which we do not venture to speculate; but there is obviously a risk that it may only serve to excite their curiosity, while it paralyses the influence they might exercise in restraining their brothers or even their sons.

There is another fool's paradise in which society delights to dwell, whose effects are far more unequivocally bad. The censorship is very nearly as rigorous in respect to theology as it is in respect to morals; and it is so far more severe that it does not specially apply to the reading of young people. The present state of theology is unquestionably not favourable to the exercise of faith. It is not so much heterodoxy or schism as complete disorganization that afflicts the religious world. The state of that Hall at Oxford which contained only two men, but was divided into three sets, approximately represents the condition of opinion upon religious subjects at the present moment. The attraction of cohesion, so strong usually in determining the volume and the direction of the currents of human thought, has almost ceased to exist. It is neutralized by the disintegrating forces which have set in from various quarters. The joint forces of Oriental and of geological science seem for the time to be combining to threaten the ancient foundations upon which the Christian faith was formerly thought to rest. Chemistry and physiology are borrowing for the moment the accents of materialism, and putting even natural religion upon its defence. These may be but temporary phenomena, and may have only a passing influence; but their operation happens to be coincident with political and social conditions which reinforce it with terrible effect. A growing enmity between ecclesiastical organizations and the political tendencies of the age, and an increasingly luxurious culture, which deadens enthusiasm and relaxes morality, tells powerfully in aid of the inducements to disbelief which are furnished by the scientific theories of the hour. No one who knows anything of the thoughts of the professional and literary classes can doubt that, among the bell-wethers of the nation, unbelief, in some one of a thousand multifarious forms, is spreading fast. But no one would gather the existence of such a state of opinion from the literature of the country—scarcely from the current conversation of society. It is to the last degree unbecoming to express strong sceptical opinions in print, or even in mixed company. It hurts the feelings of the large number of unreflecting persons who adhere to the ostensible creed of their day; and as unbelief is naturally unenthusiastic, it is animated by little proselytizing zeal. It is more comfortable to avoid the subject, or pass it lightly over. There are a number of well-understood phrases by which to turn the flank of any religious controversy in whose neighbourhood the conversation may chance to wander. The same disposition to escape from difficulty, by avoiding contentious topics, shows itself more strongly still in printed matter. It is not worth while to injure the sale of a book by incidentally allowing opinions to appear which are certain to be offensive to a considerable number of readers. Positive opinions are always irritable; negative opinions generally tolerant. If there were any kind of persecution against freethinking views, it might be worth while to earn a cheap martyrdom by braving it. Something in the nature of persecution has been levelled against clergymen of lax belief, and the curious consequence has been that it is from clerical voices that almost the only loud proclamation of the new opinions has come. If lay writers could be put into the ecclesiastical courts, we should have plenty of them eager for the honour; but as they suffer nothing but a destruction of their sale, they are content to bow to the imperious respectabilities of their generation. There is credit in martyrdom, but there is no credit in simply remaining unsold.

But there is a very serious evil resulting from this fool's paradise. If those who are capable of defending revealed religion had any conception of the extent to which the belief in revealed religion is undermined, they would bestir themselves a little more actively than they do; and if there were more plain speaking than there is, this salutary knowledge would not be withheld from them. The utter neglect into which the authorized champions of Christianity, speaking of them as a body, are allowing its defences to fall, argues a security which is certainly not justified by the state of things as they appear to laymen's eyes. Those who had to defend it in former days at least made themselves masters of the science of their times; but how many clergymen has the Anglican Church produced, competent to fight heterodox Orientalists or physiologists upon their own ground? Fools' paradises no doubt have the effect of keeping simple people

in a kind of mental monastery, in which they are removed from the danger of forbidden indulgences by being shut out from a knowledge of their existence. Fools' paradises are, in fact, not bad things for fools; but they have an awkward tendency to reduce every one who is in them to that condition of fitness.

BRANCH RAILWAYS.

"WHAT is one man's meat is another man's poison." The promoters of some great scheme of general improvement do not always stop to think in how many particular cases the general improvement turns out to be the opposite of improvement. Nor is it to be wished that they should always stop to think about it. The smaller interest must give way to the greater; the interest of the individual must give way to the interest of the public. Yet it may sometimes happen that these smaller interests are cast aside with even less attention than they deserve, and in any case a benevolent mind feels a sort of temptation to listen to the moan of those who are so unlucky as to find their particular disadvantage in the general good. For instance, few people perhaps have thought that there are a good many places to which the introduction of railways has made communication more difficult than it was before. This is true comparatively of a large class of places, and there are here and there places of which it is true even positively. Before railways were introduced, the difficulty of a journey, and the length of time taken in accomplishing it, were nearly in direct proportion to the length of the journey. It was not indeed in exact proportion in all cases, because the coaches on the most frequented roads were much better and faster than the coaches on the roads which were less frequented; still the difference between one coach journey and another was decidedly smaller than the present difference between one railway journey and another. Places at an equal distance from London or from any other great centre had pretty nearly equal means of reaching that centre. That this is the case no longer is manifest to all, but the generation which has grown up since the railway system has been in full working can hardly realize how great the change has been in this respect. We have now got used to the extreme disproportion in the means of access to this place and to that, and we hardly realize how much many places have actually lost by the new system. We say lost, because places which, in a general advance of things, fail to retain the relative place which they before held, may be fairly said to lose, even though they make some positive advance on their old position. This is a point which Lord Macaulay has brought out in several passages both of his speeches and of his History. Bristol and Norwich are greater cities now, more populous and more wealthy, than when they were respectively the second and third cities in England. Yet it is clear that Bristol and Norwich have distinctly lost by the growth of Liverpool and Manchester. It was something to be the first city, in wealth and political weight, after the capital. This Bristol once was, and this Bristol is no longer. Indeed London itself, looked at as a local city and not as the place of assembly for the whole kingdom, has distinctly lost. Manchester and Liverpool approach nearer to it now than Norwich and Bristol ever did in old times. Norwich and Bristol, again, were themselves comparative upstarts, which had outrun the earlier greatness of York, Exeter, and Winchester. Yet all these cities, with the possible exception of Winchester, have positively advanced, though most certainly they have relatively gone back. And, as it is with population and general importance, so it is with the special advantage of easy communication with other places. Every town which has any railway at all has positively gained by the railway system; for a journey of any considerable length, the slowest and most complicated railway does its business better than the best-appointed coach that ever was turned out. But a town which has had to exchange several swift and well-appointed coaches for a slow and complicated railway has distinctly lost position. Its means of communication were once first rate according to the standard of the time; they have now sunk to be third or fourth rate. It may positively advance, but it does not keep pace with its neighbours. And a place which has no railway at all still more distinctly loses by the introduction of railways elsewhere. For very long journeys it may indeed still gain; its inhabitants reach the railway at some point, and so accomplish the whole journey in a shorter time than when it was all done by road. But the part of the journey which is still done by coach is sure to be done in a very inferior way to that in which it was done formerly, and, if the communication with main centres is thus, in a certain sense, improved, the immediate local communication is sure to change for the worse. Indeed the local communications of small places are often distinctly destroyed by a railway penetrating into their neighbourhood. The high road between two considerable towns runs, we will say, through a populous village. In the old times, coaches were passing and repassing all day; local communication was direct, easy, and cheap. The railway comes, it sets up a station at each of the towns, but passes quite away from the intermediate village. The village, which before was in the world, is now thrown out of the world. Its twenty or thirty daily coaches are exchanged for a slow van weekly. Its inhabitants who wish to reach either of the neighbouring towns must walk, or hire carriages for themselves, or go some miles to a station and take the train. We know several villages in different parts of England which the great national benefit of railways has

thus positively thrown back. It is certainly easier for their inhabitants to get to London or Manchester than it used to be, but it is much harder for them than it used to be to get to their own county towns.

As an instance of what we mean, we will take the once well-known watering-place of Aberystwyth. When the length of a journey was reckoned merely by the number of miles on the map, the coast of Cardiganshire offered the nearest good open sea bathing to a large part of central England. Aberystwyth was therefore the chief place of resort of the kind for a large part of central England. We can well remember how a family in a midland county debated, with much searching of maps and road-books, whether the nearest decent salt water was to be found at Aberystwyth in Cardiganshire or at Cromer in Norfolk. But the railways have changed all this. The coast of Cardiganshire is naturally one of the last parts of South Britain for a railway to be carried to, and Aberystwyth therefore practically loses its nearness to a large part of England. It becomes harder to get at, and therefore practically further off, than many places which on the map are much more distant. Aberystwyth therefore loses its popularity as a watering-place of general resort; it retains only its local position, or is at most counted as a halting-place for tourists.

Now it is clearly impossible for any railway system to put all places on an equality, even on that sort of relative equality which they enjoyed under the old coach-system. The dwellers on a branch line must be content to go without some of the advantages of the dwellers on the main trunk line, and the dwellers near the smaller stations on the main trunk line must be content to go without some of the advantages which fall to the lot of the dwellers near the greater stations. Many a place where the Royal Mail most conveniently stopped to change horses must make up its mind to see the express train contemptuously whiz by its unheeded station. All this is in the nature of things, and Englishmen may at least rejoice that their railways are not mapped out on the same principle as those of France. Englishmen have the means of going somehow from one place to another; they are not assumed, as Frenchmen are, to be always going to or from the "metropolis." When one looks at a map of France with all the railways diverging like radii from the one centre of Paris, one remembers with an honest pride that the first English railway ran, not from London to anywhere, but from Manchester to Liverpool, and that the steam carriage carried the coal and iron of Merthyr to the haven of Cardiff for years before either town had any railway communication with London. Such railways as those from Bristol to Birmingham, from Newport to Shrewsbury, though they have since been swallowed up in greater systems, showed a hearty life in all parts of the country, to which the railway systems of France, and, we may add, of Ireland, show hardly any parallel. Still, granting all this, surely a little more thought might be bestowed on the unlucky dwellers in by-places than they generally come in for at present. Surely the changes are more frequent, the stoppages are longer, the time-bills are harder to understand, the general air of puzzledness about the whole thing is more excessive, than is absolutely necessary in the eternal fitness of things. Let us suppose a man wishes to go from Marlborough to Bridgewater; he looks at the map, and sees that the greater part of his course lies on what seems to be the nearest road from London to the West. There is no *a priori* necessity that a passenger from London to Bridgewater, or even from London to Bristol, should be carried round by Didcot and Swindon. It might not be too much to expect that, once a day at the least, a tolerably swift and tolerably direct train might clear the whole country. It is hard to see by the light of nature why such a train might not branch off at Reading, just as the Birmingham Express branches off at Didcot (or rather passes by Didcot altogether), as the South Wales Express branches off at Swindon, or as even the Weymouth trains, though never worthy to be called express, branch off at Chippenham without change of carriage. But no, this apparently direct line is in the hands of three or four companies, and the territory of each company is cantoned out among two or three branches. Endless stopping and changing is the result. First change at Savernake; then the idea occurs, "Must we change at Devizes?" A carriage is marked "Devizes"; and the un instructed mind infers that such a carriage is specially meant for Devizes, that it will go to Devizes and will not go anywhere else. By a process of exhaustion the passenger infers that the carriage which is marked "Devizes" (as it is clearly impossible that it can stop at any point nearer than Devizes) will stop at Devizes, while that which is not marked Devizes will go beyond Devizes, and save him from any change till he reaches Trowbridge. Not at all; if he acts on this seemingly safe rule, he will find that the non-Devizes carriage stops at Devizes, while the Devizes carriage goes on further. At Trowbridge he must change, at Witham he must change, at Wells he must change not only carriages but stations; another change at Glastonbury, and another at Highbridge, will at last land him at the desired haven of Bridgewater. Surely seven changes, some of them with considerable stoppages, are more than need be in a distance not greater than, on some main lines, the express train passes over at one pull. Or try another part of the country; suppose a man wishes to go from Salisbury to Chichester, or that, being at Chichester, he wishes—surely no very unreasonable wish—to study the antiquities of Portchester. The first thought of the traveller between Salisbury and Chichester is whether he will have to change at Bishopstoke; but it is in vain to ask, because no one can tell him; *ἔστω ἡν γούνασιν*.

air, and guards and drivers, stokers andokers, do not know themselves till they reach Bishopstoke itself. Then follow Havant and Cosham, or Cosham and Havant, up and down, in and out, wait at this station, wait at that, fresh ticket here, fresh ticket there, till the stranger is fairly puzzled out of his wits, and the native barely recognises the necessity which is laid upon him, without being able to give any account of it. Now no one asks that people who have to perform such little local journeys should be put quite on a level with those who fly in stately sort from London to Peterborough without a moment's stoppage. But surely there is some medium between two such extremes; surely a train which spends its monotonous life in running backwards and forwards between two little stations five or six miles apart might be allowed to run on a few miles farther in one direction or the other. Surely the inconvenience to the Company would not be so great as the convenience to the public. The poor provincials are not unreasonable; they know their place, and do not ask for all the privileges of their betters. Still even a provincial is, after all, a man and a brother, and it is rather hard that he should be condemned to change at infinitesimal intervals, and to spend interminable hours in waiting, that the shabbiest shed should be thought good enough for him to wait in, and the driest bun thought new enough for him to "refresh" himself withal.

THE ETHICS OF DANCING.

WE endeavoured some time since, by the aid of an anonymous and ingenious pamphleteer, to restore to dancing that deserved pre-eminence among religious exercises of which ignorance and indifference have so long combined to deprive it. With what amount of success the effort was attended we have not the means of knowing. The growth of an appreciation of spiritual things is often a slow process, and it is possible that too many young ladies may be still unconscious that the ball-room in its highest aspect is the very ante-chamber of heaven, and that the appearance of the fairer portion of its denizens approaches as nearly as may be to that of the inhabitants of a brighter world. But, whether the attempt was successful or the reverse, we are well aware that it was, necessarily and in its very nature, incomplete. In the present age of progress it is not enough to view any subject in its purely theological relations. We must not forget that, in the opinion of certain advanced thinkers, Christianity, if not religion altogether, is destined shortly to become extinct. Useful, no doubt, in its time, it now represents a decaying form of human development which will by-and-by be succeeded by something wider, vaguer, and more elastic. According to the views of these eminent persons, the creed of the future will be a strictly ethical system, or, more correctly, a collection of ethical maxims unsystematically preached and very unsystematically practised. With the truth or falsehood of these speculations we are not concerned here, but it would clearly be imprudent in their advocates to allow the future of dancing to become inextricably linked with the fortunes of a possibly dying faith. If we wish to rest this ennobling exercise on a universal and permanent basis, we must claim for it a place in philosophy as well as in religion. We have lately fallen in with a work so evidently composed under a consciousness of this necessity that we cannot discharge our duty better than by putting our readers in possession of the substance of its admirable observations. In outward form, indeed, the volume is sufficiently unpretending, but morally and intellectually it is the utterance, in an eminent degree, of a mouth which speaketh great things.

The writer at once establishes her claim to take high rank among those who have treated the subject scientifically by the marked seriousness with which she approaches its consideration. Too many of the giddy frequenters of the ball-room are wont to think only of the momentary pleasure which they are conscious of deriving from their stay there. There may be some chance of their awaking to a sense of the great realities of existence when they learn that they are playing an important part in the mighty drama of human progress and enlightenment. Dancing is "not only an agreeable and elegant pastime;" it is "one of the most efficient as well as delightful means of human civilization." Here we have the subject put, at starting, in its true light, and it is not the least among the benefits of this mode of treatment that it enables us at once to discover the reason of the innumerable failures which have hitherto attended our attempts to raise our Oriental subjects to the level of the governing race. We have put the wrong man in the wrong place. When we choose a Viceroy for India, we have been accustomed to select men of a mere routine and commonplace type of statesmanship—men who perhaps never knew how to dance, or have forgotten all that they once learned, or, at all events, have no adequate conception of the real importance of the art. Can we wonder, therefore, that our Empire seems to make no way in the hearts of those who submit to it, when we have studiously done nothing towards "correcting the rudeness, the awkwardness, and the negligence of an imperfect moral and modal education"? We have no right to complain of our failures when they are the consequence of defects which we have taken no steps to remedy; and we feel almost certain that, if Sir Charles Wood were asked to-morrow whether the Indian Government had introduced any measure for the promotion of dancing among its native subjects, his answer, in spite of all the feigned ignorance of official reserve, would virtually amount to a negative. And what makes this neglect the

more reprehensible is, that in the very people with whom we are dealing we see the destructive results of a similar policy. Eastern civilization is older than Western; whence comes it that it has wholly lost the start which it had at setting out? Let us listen to and profit by the answer. "So long as dancing is cultivated, civilization progresses," and when it "prevailed amongst the nations of the East, they were the coryphæi of the age; but no sooner is the interdict sent forth against this elegant accomplishment than the people who were once refined and polished by its inspiration relapse into barbarism, or give place to others more spirited than they." It is some satisfaction to reflect that, though our theory may have been incomplete, fortune has been kinder to us than we deserve. If society has hitherto danced ignorantly, it has nevertheless danced diligently, and we can only hope that, now that it has been properly instructed in the true meaning of its actions, it will throw into them a new earnestness. Already there are signs of an impending change for the better, and we are quite willing to believe that the introduction of dancing at afternoon parties is mainly attributable to an unconscious longing to be found in the path of duty at all hours. To do young ladies justice, they show no signs of shrinking from the labour which necessarily devolves upon them as the advanced guard in the march of human enlightenment; but we should be neglecting our duty if we did not warn them that, now that their eyes are opened to the position of their favourite exercise as a moral and social regenerator, they will be much to blame if they omit to make it, not merely the amusement of the nights of a London season, but the employment of every hour in the day, every day in the week, and every month in the year.

The most momentous revolutions have been effected by very simple means, and the great "moral and modal" reformation of which dancing is the predestined agent is no exception to this prevailing rule. Its philosophy is ethical rather than metaphysical. It civilizes and humanizes man by the amelioration which it effects in his "demeanour in social intercourse." Properly regarded, therefore, the ball-room is the fittest and most appropriate school in which to learn your duty to your neighbour. Those assembled there "should be one large family, with perfect urbanity prevailing throughout." Hence it follows that the first consideration of the dancer must be to rise superior to all personal feelings. His life must be so far modelled on the monastic rule that he must detach himself from all particular affections. "Perfect politeness conceals preferences, and makes itself generally agreeable." It is doubtful whether a consistent application of this principle would not impose celibacy, at least in intention, on all who come within the hallowed precincts; but we have to deal with a moralist at once less consistent and less harsh, and those imperfect beings who cannot bring themselves to make no distinction between their partners are merely warned of their danger, and reminded that "the ball-room is not the proper place for making love, but for general and agreeable association." The danger of married people wishing to dance with one another is very much less formidable, and, even when such a desire exists, "there is perhaps no positive impropriety" in their yielding to it. But this is only a concession to the hardness (or softness) of their hearts, and if they aspire to a higher standard they must bear in mind that it is "more generous for spouses to distribute their favours amongst the rest of the company." But exclusiveness is not the only temptation to the heedless and unwary are exposed. Sloth is equally mischievous, and no man, while a dance is proceeding, must be seen lounging on a chair or on a sofa. Let him not think, however, that by merely standing up he will fulfil the requirements of this searching code. On the contrary, "it is one of the greatest breaches of good manners that a gentleman can be guilty of to stand idling whilst ladies are waiting to be asked." The reason assigned for this stringent rule is, that "ladies are not privileged to ask gentlemen to dance." Perhaps this principle might be profitably applied to another connexion—more permanent than a partnership for a dance—in which, as ladies are equally prohibited from taking the initiative, it may be equally a breach of good manners for gentlemen to "stand idling while ladies are waiting to be asked."

Hitherto we have spoken only of the general action of the ball-room on the moral and social development of the human species. Each several description of dance, however, has in addition a special influence of its own. In the case of the quadrille, the universality of its distribution is the point to be especially attended to. "It is adapted for all ages; the young and the old, the stout and the slender, the light and the ponderous, may mingle in its easy and pleasant evolutions with mutual satisfaction." The reason of this is to be found in the slightness of the preparation which is needed, "nothing more than a correct musical step, a graceful walk, and an elegant demeanour being deemed requisite for taking part successfully in a fashionable quadrille." The most important of the obligations arising out of this dance are those which are due to your *vis-à-vis*. The latter should, if possible, be some one with whom you are acquainted, "as this admits of that friendly interchange of looks which is indispensable to keep up the spirit of the dance." It must often happen, however, that this previous knowledge is wanting, and in that case a gentleman "must not expect the lady to meet him, as a friend, with pleasant smiles, or with looks directed towards him." Still, even under these circumstances, though direct looks would be out of place, a lady "ought to give, at least, a modest inclination of her countenance towards her *vis-à-vis*; and let her not forget a smile to a friend on such an occasion. It is sweeter even than flattery." In fact, it must be carefully borne in mind that a too strict

observance of etiquette "is in direct opposition to the spirit of the dance, which is that of sociality and kind feeling." It is consoling to learn that in this respect greatness and goodness commonly go hand in hand, since "in high life a distant demeanour is far less perceptible than amongst the middle classes." What can be more attractive than the picture thus suggested to us of the delicious *abandon* of an aristocratic romp? To take part in a round dance is an undertaking of greater responsibility, and, in the case of the *deux temps* especially, "a gentleman should practise it long in private before attempting it in public," unless he wishes to look "exceedingly vulgar and clownish." Unfortunately, however, "many conceited young men, misled by the apparent easiness of the step," are rash enough to make the trial with nothing but the most scanty preparation. To these reckless and selfish votaries of pleasure it is useless to speak of the "discomfort, perhaps pain, which they occasion to others"; but if the ball-room were properly provided with mirrors, their self-conceit would perhaps help to work a reformation, since, if they only saw themselves in a glass, they would blush at the inferior position which they occupy in a gay and graceful assembly." The reciprocal duties of the lady are far less arduous, since she has only to remain passive in her partner's arms. Still it is possible that by so doing she may be imposing too severe a task on the latter, and in this case generosity will suggest that she should take some part of the labour upon herself. "A lady who dances well can easily do this, and, however ponderous in person, may make herself as light in the arms of her partner as a slender girl of eighteen." It might have been supposed that "ladies of magnitude" would be only too glad to do this, but it seems that many of them ape the indolence rather than the vivacity of youth, and, by "playing the passive young girl," succeed in making the gentleman's task one "of extreme toil and hardship." Fortunately for masculine credit, the latter "seldom makes more of this than material for an innocent joke." But, though it may be politely overlooked, even a momentary forgetfulness of those moral principles of which dancing is the embodiment is deeply to be regretted. "It is only," to quote our authoress for the last time, "when well practised, that any of the fine arts can improve the taste and morals of the people." Dancing is not exempted from the risk of abuse which attaches to "painting and sculpture and poetry. The best gifts of God may be abused, and gold itself, the most incorruptible of metals, is the most corrupting of them all."

SABBATARIANISM IN SYNOD.

CLERICAL Synods are very unfair institutions. Their proceedings may be characterized as sermons of a hundred-bore power. In either case the talkers have it all their own way, and a discussion in which there is no contradiction must represent that monotonous calm of married life which Sydney Smith was disposed to stigmatize as so dolefully dull. Glasgow has lately been sat upon by clericality in sundry forms. The Free Synod of Glasgow and Ayr began its sittings on the 11th of April. The Glasgow U. P. Presbytery—whatever those mystic initials may mean—held its ordinary monthly meeting on the same day. The Established Synod of Glasgow and Ayr also met on that day. All these various bodies, we believe, represent the various shreds and tatters into which Calvinism has been rent. Every one of the three Councils claims to represent the one and saving Christianity. Each one, in some way or other, anathematizes the other two; for the simple fact that the three exist, and preach, and sit in Synod, as representing each a principle wanting to the other two, can only be justified on the supposition that their separation must have been originally on fundamentals. Of course, it never occurred either to the Established Synod, or the Free Synod, or the U. P. Synod, that the very fact of their rival existence all in the same place was a fatal objection to the claim of any one of them to infallibility. When a Church is divided against itself, its claims to be an infallible interpreter of the Word of God are seriously compromised. Bystanders might be tempted to advise the three Synods first to agree among themselves before they are so very certain about their interpretations of Scripture. But the Synods do not seem to be aware of this objection to every word they have to say. They are as glib as ever in their infallible assurances that they have got the genuine key to the Bible, and that all other Churches and sects are no better than Scriptural Peachums and Lockits. The calm impudence with which the Free Synod of Glasgow proclaims its infallibility is almost amusing. The chief subject which these reverend gentlemen discussed was, of course, Sabbath-breaking. As though it were the plainest thing in the world, a matter about which no two opinions ever had been held or ever could be held by sane men, the various speakers at this curious meeting laid it down that reading newspapers and setting up the types of newspapers, and driving omnibuses and riding in them, and running steamboats and sitting in them, and writing letters and receiving them, and taking walks in Botanical Gardens, are plainly and clearly and demonstrably breaches of the Fourth Commandment. This the reverend gentlemen are as certain of as they are certain of what constitutes breaches of the Sixth and Seventh and Eighth Commandments. One Dr. Buchanan lays this down with great breadth and neatness. "It is not a matter of choice whether we shall meddle with the question of the Sabbath or no. They," i.e. Dr. Buchanan's adversaries, "will readily admit that we could not willingly allow Church privileges to a thief, or to an unclean person,

orto anyone who was a notorious breaker of the other commandments of the Decalogue. . . . We must not allow notorious transgressors of these commandments to share in the privileges of the House of God. . . . Well, then, if the Sabbath be one of God's commandments, we must deal with it in the same manner." And then he goes on to say—"The fair question to raise with us on the part of the public press, and on the part of any parties, whether at the head of railway companies or otherwise . . . is this—Is there a Sabbath or no?" And then he proceeds, not without some force, to say "that there is no portion of the Scottish press that takes the ground that there is no such institution as the Christian Sabbath."

Here Dr. Buchanan is undoubtedly right, and it is because, in Scotland, it is impossible to find any man or any newspaper which will deal with the Sabbatarian question on the only ground on which it is possible to argue it, that the claims of the Sabbath-mongers are allowed to have such force. Scotland must either boldly grapple with the question of what is the obligation of the Fourth Commandment, or Scotland had better at once surrender to Dr. Buchanan and his friends. It is the height or depth of puerility to take the ground to which the whimpering and terrorized suplicants against High Church domination in Scotland condescend. Their line is—Yes, we know that Sabbath observance, no work, no play, no amusement, is enjoined by the Fourth Commandment. We quite admit that the literal observance of the Fourth Commandment is imperative on all Calvinist Christians. But then, perhaps, setting up a newspaper is not work; it is no breach of the Decalogue to go out a junketing "on Sabbath." It is, we admit, only works of necessity and mercy which may be done "on Sabbath"; but perhaps newspapers may be a necessity, and steamboats mercy. Of course, when such nonsense as this is pleaded, the Synods have an easy game before them. If Dr. Buchanan's view of the Sabbath is right—and undoubtedly it is the view of his Church and his Confession of Faith, and it is the view on which the Scotch law and Scotch character have been framed—all the things that he denounces are unquestionable breaches of the Decalogue, and ought to be visited by "faithful ministers" as mortal and deadly sins. Undoubtedly, if the Fourth Commandment means what Dr. Buchanan and the Synods are convinced that it means, and what the Scotch newspapers are too cautious to deny that it means, there is not a word to be said about the ecclesiastical tyranny involved in the famous act of excommunicating the Glasgow compositor. Dr. McLeod got decidedly sneered at because he could not find it in his conscience to say that walking "on Sabbath" was a sin. Nay, he even went so far as to recommend Sabbath walking. But Dr. Gibson had by far the best of it when he hinted to Dr. McLeod that from this permission a good deal would flow. And so it does. Either a Sabbath observance of Sunday is prescribed by the Fourth Commandment, or it is not. If it is, then all and every (we concede it for the sake of the argument) such violation as the Glasgow doctors complain of they are bound to anathematize.

We therefore accept Dr. Buchanan's challenge, and meet him on the ground of principle. And in the name, not of common sense, for such a matter as common sense is very properly excluded from a religious question, but of literature, of historical inquiry, of the acts and monuments of the Church of all ages, we do most indignantly protest against the assumption that the Fourth Commandment has anything whatever to do with the matter. In the sense adopted by Dr. Buchanan we at once answer—There is no Sabbath; and never has been a Sabbath in Christianity. The Sabbath of the Gospel is rest from un-Christian works, not on one day in seven, but on every day of the Christian life. This sense of the Fourth Commandment is as well known and as completely adopted by every body of Christians who are or who ever have been, except the adherents of Mr. John Calvin and his school, as the doctrine of the Resurrection. And when the Scotch people are prepared to admit this, they will have something to say to Dr. Buchanan. At present they have not. Scotland must either learn to de-Calvinize itself, or it must be content to Sabbatarianize. No doubt, as things are, and so long as the Scotch newspapers do not reject the *πρῶτον φερόμενον* of Calvinism on the force and obligation of the Fourth Commandment, they had better hold their tongues. We care not to deny that the conscientious convictions of the Scotch preachers ought to be respected; and no doubt with these views, and in ministering to a people who entertain and accept these views, it is sheer nonsense to complain of their exercising their "godly discipline" over those who submit to it by receiving a common confession of faith with their spiritual pastors and masters. Dr. Buchanan and Dr. Gibson we believe to be honestly trying to do their duty according to their lights; and no one has a right to complain of them except those who are prepared to say that their light is darkness, their interpretation of Scripture false, and their whole scheme of Christianity worthless and incapable of proof. This we are prepared to say. Here in England we can join issue with the Synods on the only point which is worth arguing. But, as we suppose no Scotch newspaper is yet quite ripe for this open revolt against the only positive article in Scotch popular religion, we should recommend them to let the flea of the excommunicated compositor stick to the wall. In the end, however, things will right themselves. The Kirk once believed in witchcraft as strenuously as it now upholds Sabbatarianism. But the limbo to which so many thin ghosts of exploded superstitions have

been consigned has yet a vacancy or two, and Sabbatarianism is as certain to be exorcised even from Scotland as sorcery has been.

And in saying all this we may as well admit that we have a thought nearer home. The reticence of the Scotch newspapers on the real question of the Sabbath is to some extent paralleled by a similar pusillanimity on the part of some English guides of public opinion. What we have said of Scotch editors we may say of too many of the English clergy. The terrorism which on the other side of the Tweed is rampant against Railway Directors and Botanical Gardens is plied in England in favour of a Sabbatarianism which, on the whole, is still more mischievous, because it cannot pretend even to that ecclesiastical sanction which it undoubtedly has in Scotland. Evangelical newspapers, old women petticoated or not, and ruri-decanal chapters, whisper paltry fears and timid complaints about Sabbath desecration and railway excursions, and hum out gentle hints about breaches of the Decalogue, which burst out in something like manly thunder in the Free Church halls. It ought to be the business of the clergy of the Church of England to withstand this tyranny of the truly pious, and to denounce the abject fears of too many good people on Sabbath observance among ourselves. But it seems to be almost as difficult to get an English clergyman as it is to find a Scotch newspaper to speak out plainly on the matter. There is probably not above one clergyman in a hundred who dares to express what must be his conviction, that the Fourth Commandment has nothing whatever to do with the subject of so-called Sabbath observance. Such pusillanimity is sure to defeat itself. There is, in the present state of religious inquiry, a spirit abroad which is by no means content to allow the clergy to answer a plain question—which a question as to the meaning of the Fourth Commandment is—by pious talk, a serious accent, and a well-turned evasion. To do the Scotch justice, they grapple with the question as one of principle. Here in England the discussion is almost invariably treated as what One out of the whirlwind denounced as darkening counsel by words without knowledge, or at least without sincerity and truth.

UTOPIA.

AN interesting illustration of the methods of thought of two men distinguished in very different departments of speculation is supplied by the lately published letters of Mr. Mill and Mr. Cobden upon the question of electoral reform. Mr. Mill, of course, expresses his admiration for Mr. Hare's scheme. With a conscientious refinement of opinion more suitable to a philosopher than to a member of a Reform League, he goes beyond popular opinion in some respects, and stops short of it in others. He is in favour of "adult" suffrage, but objects to "manhood" suffrage, because the term implicitly excludes female voters. On the other hand, he would confine the right of voting to those of both sexes who possess the qualifications of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Moreover, he objects to the popular nostrums of equal electoral districts and the ballot. His conclusion is a natural inference from the opinions thus expressed—namely, that he could not join any particular association, and that he expects to do more good as an isolated thinker than by connecting himself with any collective movement. Mr. Cobden, in equally characteristic terms, refuses to accept the pet speculations of philosophers who stand outside the pale of political contest. He confesses himself "so stupid as to fail to see the merits" of Mr. Hare's scheme; and he proposes a plan of his own, which, if less likely to secure the desired results, would be more likely to secure the support of the electors. We do not wish again to express an opinion as to the merits of the controversy. Whatever wonders might be worked by the adoption of Mr. Hare's proposal, one thing seems to be tolerably certain—namely, that no living Englishman will ever see them exhibited in practice. In professor-ridden German-speaking countries, where constitutions are still of an aerial and flimsy texture, the complication of the scheme may be an actual charm. Philosophers who can spend their lives in developing metaphysical theories are turning to a comparatively useful occupation when they take to spinning political cobwebs. In the countries where they hold sway, the system may be some day introduced as at least a pretty plaything. In England, where political life is an active struggle, affecting men's interests and stirring their passions, such plans are too delicate to stand the wear and tear of popular contests. They will gradually be forgotten, or consigned to the limbo where so many schemes for making men patriotic and incorruptible by Act of Parliament have gone before them. In a different point of view, they possess a considerable interest. Men's dreams are of little value in themselves, but they throw much light upon the character of the dreamer. When the parson dreams of another benefice, it does not prove that he is likely to get one, but it shows his acute sensibility to the tickling of a tithe-pig's tail. Mr. Hare's visions prove, not the advent of the millennium of his imagination, but the importance to him, and to those who sympathise with him, of a recognition of the rights of minorities.

We might be inclined, on comparing Mr. Mill's theories with Mr. Cobden's, to say simply that the attachment to Utopias was the characteristic of the purely speculative mind. But this is by no means the whole truth. The most practical of mankind have their Utopias too, and Utopias which are often quite as impracticable as those of their rivals. Mr. Mill is much given in his books to retorting the contempt heaped upon theoretical observers. The man whose mind is entirely taken up with small details fancies

that he has a right to sneer at every one gifted with less minute knowledge. Because he can grease the wheels and tighten the screws of the machinery, he fancies himself an authority on the laws of motion. Such a man often launches into general theories, like a stoker delivering lectures upon the nature of elastic vapours. Some of the most preposterous nonsense that has ever been talked about any subject has been talked by bankers and merchants about the currency. By applying small shopkeeping notions to the general phenomena of commerce, they succeeded in inventing errors into which no mind unsophisticated by partial knowledge could possibly have fallen. They had picked up enough terms of art to substitute a supremely senseless jargon for common sense. We frequently see something of the same kind in political speculation. Men who have been grubbing all their lives in the dirtier walks of electioneering intrigues and wire-pulling come to fancy that they understand the real springs by which a nation is moved. A Tadpole or Taper expounding the French Revolution always gives himself airs of superhuman wisdom. Mr. Cobden was in every respect far superior to delusions of this nature. His leaning was towards errors which, if anything, implied too much respect for mankind. They were founded on a too hasty assumption that an ideal state of things in which he sincerely believed could be reached at a single bound. Universal peace and disarmament would be doubtless an excellent thing if we could get it, and we should not be too hard upon those who believe that nations can be preached into it by a little popular declamation. The parliament of man, the federation of the world, when the battle-flags which are at present rather a conspicuous object in many quarters of the globe are to be furled for the rest of time, seems to most of us to require rather a long dip into the future. But we respect the motives, if not the understandings, of the Quakers who endeavoured to convert the Emperor of All the Russias to their tenets. At worst, they paid us a compliment which we did not deserve. And if we are not perfectly convinced of the amazing virtue and political wisdom of the six-pound householders, it is at least a generous delusion which sincerely holds that the dark unfathomed caves of society bear so many gems of purest ray serene. The demagogue who attributes to them every virtue under heaven, because they like gross flattery, is simply contemptible. The amiable enthusiast who does it in honest simplicity shows a touching faith in the speedy perfectibility of the species.

The error which so vitiates the schemes of the speculative philosopher as to render them simply Utopian is of a different order. It implies no very high estimate of the public morality, but it makes up for it by a wonderfully high estimate of the public understanding. It is not assumed that we may safely entrust any amount of power to the British voter because he is too truly great and wise and holy to make any bad use of it. On the contrary, he is supposed to be corrupt, liable to intimidation, and apt to make a tyrannical use of the power of a numerical majority. But he is capable of appreciating the merits of a scheme which we should have ventured to call intricate had not Mr. Mill pronounced it as easy as the multiplication table. He should have remembered to how large a class multiplication means vexation. The voter, it is expected, will be so charmed by the intellectual perfection of this new patent machinery for taking all the stains out of the most corrupt constituency that he will accept it with enthusiasm. It appears, from the discussions in the papers, that few people of those who write about it really understand it, and that, of those who understand it, hardly any can explain it. An examination of the House of Commons would probably fail to discover ten men who could see its merits any better than Mr. Cobden. But that frequently apostrophized person who is oftener talked of than observed in actual life, the intelligent workman, will see its mathematical completeness, and, in rapt contemplation of its beauties, shun for the future the open public-house and the proffered five-pound note.

We do not know which delusion is the most amiable, that which credits the holders of the suffrage with so much wisdom, or that which credits them with so much intelligence. The explanation of the difference is sufficiently obvious. The philosopher has naturally no very lofty estimate of either the public virtue or the intelligence of the great mass of mankind. He knows that history is merely a record of the extent of their deviations from his ideal. But, however freely a man may admit the stupidity of mankind as a general proposition, nothing is more difficult than to realize its intensity in particular cases. A pass-examination has been defined as a presumptuous attempt to fathom the depths of human ignorance, and a brief experience as an examiner or a tutor would be a useful preparation for the theoretical philosopher. He would learn the important truth that, whilst people generally believe two and two to make four, they very seldom attach much weight to any inferences from that obvious proposition. Such a scheme as Mr. Hare's may seem perfectly simple to one who has been in the habit of thinking; but that description applies to a very small minority of featherless bipeds. To Mr. Mill it seems as impossible that any one should have a serious difficulty in its intellectual digestion as it would to an Esquimaux that any one should object to swallowing a pint of train-oil. Both performances, however, require a certain training of the faculties. That this error should be characteristic of speculative minds is natural enough. It seems at first sight more remarkable that any one should sincerely exaggerate the average moral standard. It is true that philosophers are not in the habit of selling their votes for five pounds and a glass of beer; but, on the other hand, many

philosophers would sell them for an indirect consideration of five thousand a year; and, if they would not do it themselves, they know plenty of people who would. The person most apt to exaggerate the virtues of his species belongs to a different class. Every one must have remarked the amazing love of the general public for a virtuous sentiment. The theatrical dogma about a man who would lay his hand upon a woman, save, &c. &c., is a well-known specimen. The same species of rhetorical flower blooms, with slight modifications, upon the platforms of political meetings. A panegyric on Christianity, a denunciation of slavery, or an appeal to patriotism, always brings down the house. When men are collected in a crowd they are invariably as full of virtuous sentiment as a thunder-cloud of electricity. Now, it is natural enough that one who has been in the habit of meeting his fellow-men in this state of excited sympathy should exaggerate two things—namely, their virtue and his own power of preaching. A eulogium on peace, a denunciation of the evils of war, will naturally produce tremendous cheers. The orator fancies that war cannot possibly survive a few more of his speeches; the lion must be on the very point of lying down with the lamb, and at most requires a little more stroking of his mane. He forgets that he is not really changing human nature, and that the next orator may produce equal enthusiasm in favour of defending the national honour, and scorning the sloth of a dishonourable peace. Both classes overlook the vast inertia to be overcome; they under-estimate the dulness or the wickedness of mankind, or both. The amusement of inventing and discussing Utopias is, however, a useful one, though more useful in proportion as the Utopia descends from the clouds and approximates to the vulgar earth.

Old writers pushed the happy season back—
The more fools they—we forwards; dreamers both.

But, on the whole, our dreams have the best of it. Old ideal Republics were meant as a mere exposition of political theories, for which no realization was ever expected. Bacon painted in the *New Atlantis* a state of things which, though faintly corresponding to real anticipations, was too vague and shadowy to be more than a mere fancy. We have the advantage that, at any rate, our dreams have come somewhat nearer to us. They are formed with some view to being inspected in broad daylight. We know perfectly well that we are not going to enter upon a millennium either of universal peace or political purity; but it does no harm to talk about it, and the fact that we are making some kind of progress gives a certain interest to plans for doing everything at a bound. Meanwhile, those who choose to remember that, after all, there is no royal road to civilization and happiness, and that there are certain obstacles which will resist a good deal of oratory and a good deal of philosophising, must expect to be taxed with cynicism and indifference. They need only retort by admiring the enthusiasm of their critics and doing justice to their real merits.

MUSICAL EVENINGS.

IS there anything in the world more dreary than a musical evening? Yes, there is one thing worse—a musical afternoon. It is said—for, as yet we have not personally suffered under the infliction—that there are persons so ignorant of the first elements of Christian charity as to pervert that recent invention of the age, a four or five o'clock tea, into an occasion for what is technically called music. We are not quite prepared to assert that such an abuse of the blessings of civilized life is a proof of the innate wickedness of man; but the fact forces on us the reflection either that we English are unable to talk like rational beings for an hour or two, or that the pertinacious vanity of singing ladies and gentlemen is simply irrepressible. It may be, indeed, that the singing and the playing are introduced in order to induce the silent to speak, as is their wont during musical performances in the evening. Or it is possible that our love for harmony is such that we cannot live without having it at all times and in all circumstances, as the late Lord Falmouth used to say that he had rather hear a grind-organ than no music at all. Be this as it may, we cannot but express a fervent hope that the plague may not spread, and that these little gatherings may be continued to the next generation (if at all) in all their pristine simplicity.

As to the professed musical evening, we all know what that is. It may briefly be described as a contrivance for inflicting the greatest possible amount of suffering on the largest possible number of people, with the smallest possible advantage to all persons concerned. It can only be called a meeting for enjoyment on the principle on which a man signs himself "your obedient servant" in writing to a perfect stranger. Strictly speaking, it is simply an organized hypocrisy. Doubtless there are persons who profess to find pleasure therein. There are women who really rejoice to fill their rooms with a miscellaneous crowd of acquaintances, including among them a sufficient number who are supposed, or suppose themselves to be, what is called "musical." There is no particular reason why all these people should be asked to meet one another, except the vague hypothesis that they either like to perform or like to listen; so that, whatever their age, sex, rank, experience, or tastes, they must certainly be gratified by a share in the refined intellectual recreation prepared for them. As the most straitlaced cannot object, so it is assumed that the most gay and the most fastidious cannot but be charmed. The details of the proceedings vary, of course, according to the social position and tact of the host or hostess; but there is a certain generic likeness pervading them all, which entitles them to be

taken as typically exhibiting the peculiarities of modern civilization in one of its lowest forms. Their features will be recognised from the simplest sketch. After certain preliminaries, the assembled company begins to "pretend very much," like Mr. Dickens' Marchioness, only with less success; for whereas that excellent personage may be supposed to have derived some sort of enjoyment from her energetic self-deception, the countenances of the performers and listeners on the occasions in question forbid the notion that they find much exhilaration in the process they are undergoing. The music performed exhibits, naturally, a considerable variety. It usually begins with a watery ballad, executed by a trembling damsel, in whom any latent love of applause is crushed by an overpowering nervousness. She is followed, say, by two sisters, who, in a duet of Mendelssohn's, display a truly remarkable unanimity in singing out of tune, and are in consequence complimented by some bold hypocrite on the family likeness in the quality of their voices. Then walks up to the piano a bashful curate, or a gentleman in the Civil Service (not bashful), and the audience learn what can be done to Verdi or Gounod by a free-born Englishman; while the more meditative regret that Professor Max Müller is not in the room, in order to be convinced that, whatever may be the origin of the various European languages, in their development they all become one and the same in the mouth of the genuine British singer. The instrumentalists, however, must have their turn. As a rule, they are more ambitious than the vocalists. The more humble attempt nothing more startling than an operatic *mélange* by Brinley Richards or Madame Urry; but what is the use of practising three hours a day, and taking lessons at a guinea an hour, if the aspirant for drawing-room honours is not to astonish us by her mastery of the quasi-impossibilities of Thalberg and other inventors of difficulties? Then there is the lady who goes in for the intellectual, and even coquets (when not pretty) with sociology and anthropology. Her god is Beethoven, the emotional, the passionate, and the mystic; and she treats him much as the Neapolitan fishwives treat the images of their favourite saints when they do not obtain the objects of their petitions. Her very mode of seating herself on the music-stool shows that something serious is about to happen; and before we have got ourselves into a proper frame of mind, away she dashes at a fiery *allegro*, much as a bold rider puts his horse's head at a formidable "bullfinch" in the hunting-field. Of course she comes to grief; but she picks herself up bravely, and is instantly at full gallop again. Probably unusual attention has been drawn to her performance by the efforts of some innocent gentleman who frequents the Monday Popular Concerts, and is so absurd as 'not to believe that the great masters always intended their compositions to be played with a buzzing accompaniment of chattering human voices. However, as the player waxes more and more vigorous, human nature asserts its rights, conversation becomes general, countenances brighten, and a few people seem to be quite enjoying themselves, until the final chords and crash, when the guardsman cuts short his whispering flirtation, the M.P. his theories on reform, and the talking is continued only by an aged matron, who, being extremely deaf, is not aware of the sudden silence, and unconsciously enlightens the assemblage with her views on the value of homœopathic aconite as a cure for the measles.

More serious inflictions, however, still remain. The worst is yet to come. There is a bald old gentleman sliding up to the piano who evidently means mischief. The glee-singing and part-singing give an opportunity to the less shining lights to air their acquirements, and we are not to be let off without duets between the pianoforte and some of the more popular wind and string instruments of torture. The audience may consider themselves happy if the performers have ever before sung together in the whole course of their lives; and still more so if there is not some dreadful father of a family who conceives that, if the voice of the tenor is weak, he can remedy the defect by doubling the soprano part an octave lower. But the climax of suffering is not attained until the flute, the cornet, or the fiddle appears upon the scene. Who does not at this moment see before him, recalled to his mind's eye, some ingenuous youth, evidently of most irreproachable morals, standing by the side of an amiable young lady at the pianoforte, his flute at his lips, his cheeks blushing, his shoulders stooping, and his whole body rocking up and down, as he forces the reluctant sounds from the soulless tube, while even the nice-looking girl to whom he is engaged can scarcely feel any enthusiastic delight at his efforts to please. The cornet player is, of course, a youth of faster propensities. His performance on his terrible instrument cannot be dwelt upon; it is too painful for more than a passing notice. Happily, it is not at every musical evening that a cornet is heard. The fiddle is a more general favourite. We may assume (charitably) that it is in tune, for there are many men who can tune a violin who cannot draw a decent tone from its strings. But, alas! few amateurs can do much more than tune, for they refuse to undergo the labour without which agreeable fiddling is simply an impossibility, while there is no instrument on which a prosy mediocrity is more thoroughly intolerable. Clarionets and hautboys less frequently make their appearance, for which humanity ought to be duly thankful; and we have not heard of drums and bassoons being introduced on such occasions. This, however, is probably from our want of more extended experience, for there is nothing of which musical amateurs are not capable, especially in these days of volunteering. The suffering, too, it should be added, is not all

confined to the audience, not one of whom is deserving of more commiseration than the luckless person whose musical qualifications are of a higher order, and whom an unkind and mocking fate has entrapped into an active participation in the doings of the evening. The most amiable of young ladies can scarcely look happy as she painfully toils through her inevitable task, conscious that she is boring one half of the company to death, and that she is disgusting the rest of the performers by forcing on them a conviction of their own too manifest shortcomings. Let her be forgiven if she inwardly protests that, on every similar occasion in future, her wrist shall be sprained, though it be for one night only. Such is one of the accepted pleasures of civilized life in the nineteenth century. Doubtless there are many such parties where the elements of suffering are not combined in all this unmitigated intensity. Between the really well-planned private concert, where everybody has his part allotted to him, and none but performers of some proficiency are asked to assist—between this rational entertainment and the ordinary typical hodge-podge there are endless varieties, depending on the good taste, connexions, and *savoir faire* of those who arrange them. Still, as a whole, the average English musical evening is a dismal institution, and suggests many doleful thoughts.

Is there, then, no remedy for this melancholy condition of amateur performances in a country which expends such sums in the pursuit of music, and which by the very universality of its failures proves the reality of its love for the divine art? Our very unconsciousness of our absurdities is a token of the genuineness of our homage to the object of our worship. We are so sincere that we cannot see what fools we make of ourselves. Does there, then, exist in our national organization some latent and irremediable incapacity for musical performance, so that we must resign ourselves to our fate, and be content to call ourselves a musical people merely because we run after famous stars, while Continental composers with one accord deride our claims to the title? The question is a difficult one, and is not so easily solved as is imagined by those who decide peremptorily either for or against our real capacities. Many people—especially professional teachers, and, above all, German professional teachers—account for the scarcity of good amateur performers by attributing it to the shallow and careless system of instruction pursued both in schools and private houses, and to the worthless compositions which almost alone find a sale in the music-shops. This explanation is, however, no explanation at all. It is simply a restatement of the fact from another point of view. The question is, why are we content with this superficial teaching, and why does the public so freely purchase all this perennial torrent of musical manufacture? That young ladies are for the most part ill-taught, and young men for the most part not taught at all, is undeniable, and the fact cannot be too often or too loudly reiterated. But all the reiteration in the world will make us none the wiser as to the root of the evil. The root of the evil, we apprehend, is this, that music is cultivated by the greater number of amateurs, not as an art, but as a vehicle for show and self-display. The young men and women who expose themselves in such multitudes at these musical evenings may not be always vain or conceited, even in these unfortunate exhibitions. Far from it; many of them, especially those of the gentler sex, are as much to be pitied as their audiences. But though they are not deliberately seeking the applause of an audience as the one great end of a musical performance, they know nothing better. They are brought up in an atmosphere reeking with vanity. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, teachers and critics, all talk in the same strain. All have but one idea about music; it is a device for displaying oneself, for letting people see how clever we are, how hard-working, how emotional, how tender, how refined. Of course it is one of the most effective means for getting married. Many a man is warbled into matrimony before he well knows what he is about. Many a fair and simple maiden imagines that the polite and well-dressed personage who so much admires her mawkish ballads must prove a constant lover. This match-making view of the question is, however, implied in the general devotion to music as an invention for catching the plaudits of one's friends and acquaintances. And little better is the popular notion that music is nothing more than a trivial amusement; an elegant device for making the time pass pleasantly; a toy for grown-up ladies and gentlemen, better than dominoes and Pope Joan, but not to be named with whist. No doubt with many people it is this, and no more, and cannot be anything more. Nature has denied them the real musical organization; they like a pretty tinkling of sounds, as a baby loves its rattle, and a boy a penny trumpet. Let us not be too hard on them. It is not their fault, but their misfortune, that to them Mozart and Beethoven are no better than a negro melodist, just as there are men who can see nothing in the poetry of Tennyson, and look upon a pantomime as the highest effort of the dramatic art. Only let them not contribute, as they now do, to swell the stream of popular misconception as to the nature of all music that deserves the name.

More need not be added in explanation of the pernicious influence of the ideas thus briefly indicated as to the character of the performances of ordinary amateurs. With such motives it is vain to look for better things. If the amateur gets applause in sufficient quantity, he gets what he wants, and there is an end of it. He or she is praised, and admired, and flattered, and invited, and envied; and what more can man desire, or woman either? Why should they trouble themselves about delicacy and truth of expression, or

finished accuracy, or breadth of phrasing, or refinement of style? Why should they not mumble their words with that heroic disregard of consonants which characterizes the British singer? Why should they be annoyed with themselves, when everybody is praising them? Their performance answers its purpose; the flattery they love knows no discrimination, and they are satisfied. Anything better they leave to professionals.

POOR-LAW REFORM.

IF Mr. Villiers's instalment of Poor-Law Reform encounters any more serious opposition than that on its second reading, it will be because it is only an instalment, and one, moreover, which perhaps more than any other requires to be balanced by corresponding alterations in other parts of the system. No doubt it is as equitable to tax the property of a union for the support of its poor as to tax a parish. In very many cases it is far more so; and one is disposed to welcome almost any measure which will stop the depopulation of rural parishes, save the labourer from long journeys to and from his work, and enlarge the area within which he may seek employment without injuring his right of settlement. Without, however, entering further into this special and somewhat limited controversy, we wish to say a few words on a much wider question which is suggested by the present attempt to amend a single item of our Poor-law system. Is it not possible to revise the system itself? Is there any real reason why the rates, by whomsoever paid, should remain for another generation as high as they have been during the last? Our own belief is that the system now in operation is both needlessly expensive and in many respects tends directly to perpetuate pauperism.

In an article in *Fraser*, a few months ago, Miss Cobbe enumerated no less than twenty-two functions performed, or supposed to be performed, by the union-house. It is:—

1. A workhouse proper, or place of labour for the able-bodied;
2. A casual ward for pauper travellers;
3. A hospital for the sick, curable and incurable;
4. An asylum for the aged and infirm;
5. A blind asylum;
6. A deaf and dumb asylum;
7. A lunatic asylum;
8. An asylum for idiots and epileptics.

And all these are of course doubled, to meet the separate requirements of males and females. Then it comprehends also a boys' school, a girls' school, an infant school, a nursery, a lying-in hospital, and finally a penitentiary or black-ward.

Allowing a little for feminine exaggeration, the list is sufficiently suggestive. When one thinks of the evils necessarily entailed by the juxtaposition of many of these classes, one is almost disposed to accept as substantially true the following vigorous sentences:—

Elsewhere it is admitted that it is dangerous for children who are to be trained to virtue and industry to be brought into proximity with vice and idleness; for the sane to behold constantly the spectacle of insanity; for the healthy to be brought near the diseased and fever-stricken; for innocent girls to hear and see continually the miserable servants of sin. But because all these conditions of humanity are, in the workhouse, lost in the one great condition of pauperism, it is thought well to jumble them all together within the same walls, whose minor partitions of wards and departments permit a tainted atmosphere, both moral and physical, to pass from one to another.

Endless rules, endless iron-barred windows and padlocked gates, endless assimilations to that which above all a workhouse should not resemble, i.e. a jail, are obliged to be used for the purpose of keeping asunder the classes who have been first senselessly brought together. And with what success are they kept asunder? Probably that the sick either watch the insane in their sad yards, or are distracted by the sounds of the labours of the able-bodied paupers; that any epidemic which breaks out in the hospital goes through the schools; that the decent and honest ruined tradesman or governess has to spend the last years of life beside the drunkard and the profligate; and, worst of all, that the young grow up with the visible memorials of sin constantly before their eyes, and the alternative presented to their imaginations of a life of vice outside the workhouse, and a life of interminable ennui and restriction within it.

The authoress adds that all these "probabilities" have been realized within her own experience.

We wish here, however, to consider the economic rather than the philanthropic side of the question. There are 664 unions in the country, each with its half-dozen specimens of almost every one of the classes above mentioned, and each with its elaborate staff of clerk to the Board, master, matron, relieving officers, chaplain, schoolmaster, schoolmistress, doctors, nurses, &c. &c. down to porter; many of the offices very ill-performed; some—e.g. the doctors—much underpaid; and yet the whole apparatus enormously expensive. We believe the expenses of administration, in one form or another, amount to something like a quarter of the whole rates levied. The system was arranged, and the house built, to meet the probable demands of a state of things very different from that which exists at present. From 1835 to 1840, when it took its shape, pauperism had increased, was increasing, and showed no signs of probable diminution. Even after the latter of these dates, Mr. Carlyle could edge a strong sentence or two in his *Chartism* by pointing to the spectacle of 2,000 able-bodied men standing outside a country union-house asking for work. Emigration was in its infancy, trade was as yet in swaddling-clothes, and the gold-fields a dream. We do not think we overstate the matter when we say that full five hundred of the houses in question are not, and are not likely to be, two-thirds full; and many of them are tenanted by few except children, aged poor, single women lying-in, and a few sick, idiots, and the like. We were much disappointed to find that the Report of last year's Committee mainly wraps itself up in misplaced optimism. It suggests that perhaps the guardians (instead of the doctor)

should provide the more expensive medicines, and so avoid the scandal of poor people dying for want, e.g. of cod's liver oil, while the doctor refuses to give it because it is nourishment, and the Board because it is medicine; but, on the whole, it seems to contemplate the existing state of affairs with serene equanimity, and contentedly writes *esto perpetua* on every workhouse door in the country. It does not seem to require any very great stretch of wisdom to discover that every form of curable disease would be much better dealt with if the patient were sent to get his chance of cure at the hospital or asylum where the best talent of the country is employed in the work, even if each case cost twelve shillings a week for (say) three years, than when he is left in the union to drag out a useless and hopeless existence, at four shillings, for thirty. Nor, again, is there much difficulty in discovering that quite young children are more cheaply, besides being much better, provided for by being put out to nurse, as in Scotland. Moreover, for children above the age of infancy, a union-house is, of all others, the place where they should not be educated. No child is born with the feeling of pauperism, but there is no feeling which so soon possesses him. Not by nature, but by our most unhappy arrangements, the taint of pauperism is proverbially hereditary; and, as mere matter of economic science, some fearful arithmetic has been put forth, on sound authority, of the hundreds of pounds that, on the average, every workhouse *gamin* costs the country before he ends his career, as pauper or criminal. If the females cost less, it is only because they go out to some wretched underpaid place of service (no others are open to the "workhouse girl"), and thence to the streets. What workhouse children may be made, if removed into county or district schools of size sufficient to give them an *esprit de corps* in place of that feeling of home which they unfortunately cannot have, anybody may satisfy himself by an inspection of the suburban schools of almost any of the large London unions; what they ordinarily become, the statistics of almost any country union will abundantly testify. It is not that the schools are badly taught, but that simply there is not the material out of which a good school can be made. All honour to the masters and mistresses who spend their efforts on so ungenial a task; all honour to the doctors who administer out of their scanty stipends any medicine more costly than the traditional "house pill"; and all honour to the chaplain who preaches unexceptionable sermons in the workhouse dining-room to a queer congregation of all sorts and sizes, in the front row of which (by some unaccountable caprice of official judgment) are generally ranged the idiots—possibly that they may distract nobody's attention but his own. One cannot help entertaining the notion, however, that all this might be very considerably mended, with the help of just a little common sense.

It ought not to be beyond the bounds of reasonable expectation to hope that the whole system of Poor-law administration will be remodelled to suit the circumstances of the nation as they now are, and as they are likely long to continue—that is, with no superabundance of labour, with (as we believe) an increasing tendency to activity and self-reliance on the part of the labouring population, and with a fair prospect that, if not the seeds of poverty, at all events the stain of pauperism may be removed altogether with the passing generation. Let us have large district schools for the children, where as much of industrial training as is possible shall be mixed with no element of hereditary pauperism. Let the exceptional cases—epilepsy, idiocy, blindness, &c., be treated as cases of lunacy are now; that is, let them be placed in large provincial institutions, each one under the charge of medical men who have made its special malady their study. One union-house in three or four counties might be set apart for the use of each of these classes of sufferers. The obstacle which would perhaps have been insurmountable thirty years ago—difficulty of locomotion—is now removed by the universality of railways. For the one or two "sturdy paupers" and ne'er-do-weels that still perhaps infest most country parishes, let a real work-house be the appropriate destination, where an effective labour test can be applied. Most counties have a district where active labour might reclaim a waste or perform beneficial service of some kind. There let the country provide, not direct maintenance in daily rations of gruel and the like, but *work*; and let the man's daily bread depend upon his daily earnings. Precautions may easily be taken to prevent his earnings or his living exceeding that of the ordinary labourer—i.e. to prevent the workhouse becoming a desirable place of residence. And if, after some weeks or months of industry, a good-for-nothing fellow has become convinced of the wisdom of honestly earning his daily bread, and if, at the end of a short period devoted to this species of adult education, he has earned a few shillings beyond the requirements of his sustenance in "the house," let him, as we already let criminals, have the benefit of it towards a fresh start in life. It would be easy to devise some analogous mode of providing for the unhappy class who now make use of our Unions as a sort of periodical lying-in hospital—a large town laundry, for instance. All the penal part of the system, in short, should go some considerable way towards paying its own expenses. Along with this, the medical department throughout the country (which involves no "office" expenses) should be entirely re-organized, and the medical men, at all events, so much better paid than at present that the service would be no longer left in the hands either of young beginners or of the less successful among the members of the profession. Again, the aged poor should be wholly provided for, as nine-tenths of them are already, at their homes. For the few who have none,

one out of every twenty of the existing Union houses might be remodelled into an almshouse. We fear the rehabilitation would be rather difficult; for nothing looks so entirely unlike an almshouse or a home as the prison-like barracks where the poor are at present condemned to live out their old age.

We venture to think that, if a large scheme of reform were to take the place of the *omnia bene* sort of Report furnished by last year's Committee, and of that diluted modicum, even of the alterations recommended by it, which is all that we are promised at present, it would be the interest of all rate-payers to further it, however small their parishes, and however rural ingenuity may have depopulated them. That it would be infinitely for the benefit of the rate-paid, the pauper population, we have no doubt at all. No doubt a large number of officials will be displaced; much local bumbledom will come to grief; and any amount of fine writing about centralization and all the rest of it will be forthcoming in consequence—to say nothing of the general terror which is supposed to be conveyed in the threat that "we are coming to a national rate." Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that, if once the system of poor relief were thoroughly reformed, we should be in a fair way, not to a national rate, so much as to no rate at all, beyond one for the necessary relief of unavoidable misfortune.

STYLES OF ROWING.

THE University boat-race has been followed by the usual quantity of discussion as to the supposed causes of the defeat of Cambridge, and an idea seems to be pretty widely prevalent that the ill-success of the last five years is due to the existence on the Cambridge river of an essentially faulty style of rowing. Our own observation, before and at this year's race, inclined us to ascribe the result of it in great part to a much less abstruse cause—namely, that Oxford was represented by a physically stronger crew. Supposing this to be the fact, it is not likely that any difference in the style of Cambridge would have altered the result, although there might have been a much closer race. It would, however, be satisfactory, with a view to future contests, to ascertain, if possible, whether Cambridge failed through want of strength, or of style, or of both; and it may be worth while to endeavour to collect some of the opinions which have been expressed before and since the race upon the rowing of the two crews, so that the substance of them may be available for future contests.

Having recourse to the newspapers which devote themselves peculiarly to such discussions, we find the *Sporting Gazette* describing the Cambridge crew, when they first appeared at Putney, as "an exceedingly fine and well-made set of men." It adds, however, the remark that, "although taller than the average of the Oxford crew, they looked scarcely so big when in the boat, or so well developed about the back and loins." Their style of going found many admirers, but to the writer it seemed "short and at times somewhat jerky, and not so calculated for a long course as the steady workmanlike drag of Oxford." The writer thinks that over a shorter course Cambridge might win; but as it is, "strength, length of reach, and last will be served," and therefore he prefers Oxford. Another writer in the same paper undertook not only to anticipate the result, but to describe the race beforehand. "The light blue," he says, "will come with a frantic forty-four"—an expression which but slightly exaggerates what actually occurred, and which, it is to be hoped, Cambridge men will lay to heart. He concludes by saying—and this is even more worthy of attention—"Cambridge can only command the same pace as the Oxonians by rowing a stroke at which no crew can last; and yet, if they row slow, they will lose the lead and the race also." This prophecy might serve equally well for history, and it would be difficult to say anything more to the purpose in the same number of words. Turning now to *Bell's Life*, we read that, when the Cambridge crew first appeared at Putney, they advanced considerably in the good opinion of the public. "Their arms moved forward and back with marvellous uniformity and precision, while their chief fault seemed to lie in a want of use of the legs." This amounts to saying that they showed a neat but not a strong style; but if the public thought that a crew could win over a long course without using their legs, it must be inferred that the public does not understand rowing. The same authority pronounces, after the race, that "the great deficiency in the Cambridge boat was the want of sufficient use of the stretchers," which is the same criticism in slightly different words; and it is added, that there had been great improvement in this respect during the practice at Putney. This critic may be said to have let the Cambridge men down easily. We find the *Field* telling the truth in plainer terms. "If," said a writer in that paper, "the light blue wins, then for the future there will, in my judgment, be no necessity for long work, steady training, good coaching, and the inculcation of a long clean style of rowing." As the light blue did not win, "the good old doctrine" which this writer inculcated will not be set aside; but on the contrary, unless Cambridge will seriously determine to act upon it, she must not expect ever again to win a race upon the Thames. We suggested a week ago that there might possibly have been a chance for Cambridge this year by husbanding their strength for a great effort in the last half-mile. But although we thought that such a style as theirs might, under certain circumstances, prove effective, we never meant to intimate that it was a good style. The long

course from Putney to Mortlake has been chosen for these races in order to make it nearly impossible that such a style should win, and we hope that the length of the course may never be diminished. It is quite possible that over a short course, with frequent corners, the Cambridge style may win, and this may be an inducement to persevere in it at Cambridge; but if so, the only hopeful plan for winning at Putney will be to get a University crew together as early as may be in the year, so as to have plenty of time first to unteach and afterwards to teach them. Happily, there is no very abstruse mystery in the science of rowing. We should think that if the crew which lately lost could have a month's steady practice on the Thames, under a good captain, they would display in high perfection that style which is sometimes supposed to be peculiar to Oxford. Even another week on the Thames would have gone far towards teaching them "not to hurry, but to make haste"; but men do not go up to Cambridge solely for the boat-race, and they had duties which prevented their appearing at Putney earlier than they did. We have heard complaints that at Cambridge there was not so much rowing over long distances as there might have been, and unless the practice be made as far as possible an imitation of the race, it is idle to expect that any more victories will ever be scored by Cambridge.

If a crew can make 42 or 44 strokes per minute, putting its whole strength into the stroke, it is likely to beat another crew which can only make 38 or 40 strokes. But the Cambridge crew which we saw rowing on the Thames did not at its top speed row their stroke through, and perhaps Cambridge will never find a crew that can. At all events, it might be well if Cambridge would not try to find such a crew. The *Times* has published several letters purporting to explain why Cambridge has been five times defeated, and one of its correspondents clearly describes how the "dead and tortuous stream" of the Cam contributes, in his opinion, to form a style which wins in college races and will never win at Putney. Another correspondent lays blame on the London watermen, who, he says, began twenty years ago to "coach" Cambridge, and have taught her a short and snatchy stroke. Considering that Oxford only obtained a majority of victories last year, it must be allowed that the evil counsels of the London watermen have very slowly operated upon the Cambridge rowing system. Another correspondent writes to justify the watermen against what he deems an unmerited imputation, and inquires whether the true art of rowing has been lost upon the London river. We should say, with little hesitation, that it has not. At any rate, there are men upon that river who understand the theory of the art well enough to take, pretty accurately, the measure of Oxford and Cambridge boats. If it were possible for a Cambridge crew to come to Putney a month beforehand, they need not despair of finding a "coach" who could put them in the way of turning their strength to the best account in the race. As has been said before, the "secret of success" is no secret at all. It is not difficult to know what is right, but it is difficult to do it. The rules which the Cambridge crew are charged with transgressing are, or at least used to be, elementary rules wherever rowing was attempted. Our old friend *Stonehenge*, who teaches us how to do everything on earth, in air, or water, lays down the very rules which some persons appear to suppose have been irrecoverably forgotten at Cambridge. "The hands are to be well over the toes, and the blade of the oar at right angles with the surface of the water." After describing all the movements which go to make up the stroke, he says that they are to be performed "with great power, yet with a long stroke, and as much quickness as is consistent with lasting the distance to be rowed." It is absurd to pretend that there can be any mystery about rules which are laid down in what has been for ten years a popular book. But still it is a fact that Oxford does, and Cambridge does not, practise them. Whatever may be said against the Cambridge boat, there is this to be said for it, that it rowed a most gallant and exciting race with Oxford. It would, however, be mistaken kindness to dissemble our conviction that the censures we have quoted on the Cambridge rowing are thoroughly well deserved.

MR. GAMBART'S EXHIBITION.

WE have often speculated on what would be the effect if the choice roomful, mainly of French and Flemish pictures, which the enterprise of Mr. Gambart annually collects for us, could be distributed fairly through our Academy Exhibition. Would that cautious subordination of tone, that aim at unity of effect, that (general) absence of showy and imperfect drawing which mark our foreign contemporaries, give us equal pleasure among works so different at once in their merits and their defects as those by our own countrymen? Would Frère, Moreau, and Langée gain more by juxtaposition with Faed or Horsley than they might suffer by contrast with the forcible quality of Millais or the refined audacity of Whistler? Landseer might hold his own even against the formidable competition of the Bonheurs. Our landscape could supply a study of cloud effects, and a faithful realization of natural detail, wanting to the poetical breadth and solemnity of Daubigny or Lamorinière. But there would, we fear, be no exact foreign parallel to the dressy nattiness of Frith or the random garishness of Philip; whilst, when we turn to Leys and Gérôme, or remember Ingres, the conviction that England must acknowledge frankly her comparative deficiency in the loftiest range of the art would be, we do not

say painfully, but seriously, forced upon us. Only in one sphere should we claim a decided supremacy. That powerful and lively realization of sacred subjects which the critical spirit of Protestantism has produced for us at the hands of men like Mr. Holman Hunt and Mr. Madox Brown has at present hardly taken root on the Continent. Nor must we fail to remark that, of all our own recent developments in painting, it is probably the one which receives least honour in the eyes of our Academy, or of those judges who, if nominally opposed to the Academical spirit in its less favourable sense, are essentially penetrated by it. Let us trust, however, that our artists will nevertheless boldly follow up the new way which has been thus opened, and let us turn meanwhile from the salutary unpleasantness of comparison to a brief notice of their foreign competitors.

Two smallish figure-subjects by M. F. Heilbuth are probably the most striking novelties of this exhibition. Both deal with that mysterious, and to English minds almost incomprehensible, thing, the peculiar position of the prelates of the Roman Court—men perhaps more out of the world theoretically, and more in the world practically, than any other order of human beings. In one we see an aged cardinal within his carriage; he listens with a blended expression of nonchalance and astuteness to the demonstrative arguments which a priest of the Ultramontane type is inflicting upon him; while a novice in front represents ecclesiastical devotion, shading off into deferential servility. This, however, can be seen without going "from Oxford to Rome." The salutation of two cardinals on the Pincian promenade is more markedly exotic. Nothing can exceed the dignified grace with which each prince of the Church strives to outdo his brother in a courtesy which allows another feeling than reverence to suggest itself. Servants behind are watching the serious comedy. In their refined humour and singular power of characterization, these pictures have been compared by a good critic in France to our Leslie, and the execution is of a very high order. Another name new to us is that of M. Moreau. His little picture of a young girl washing linen in the corner of her room (108) is, however, one of those almost perfect things that are not easily forgotten; we have rarely seen anything of which we could say, with more probability, that it might have been the work of one among the Greek painters of common life. The beauty of the pose and drapery is singular, and the drawing of the left arm exhibits that sort of precision which we once had in Mulready.

Some familiar artists require less detailed notice. The great Leys and the showy Gallait, as we called them last year, appear to deserve these epithets even more emphatically in 1865. The two scenes from the life of an Italian patriot (of thirty years since, by the by)—the ardent youth with his song of *Art a Liberté*, and the old man raving in Spielberg—which M. Gallait entitles "Illusion" and "Désillusion," although good specimens of the painter's technical power, are so completely theatrical in every point that one would say they were meant rather for successive stages in the career of a *primo tenore assoluto*. Backgrounds, dress, attitude, expression (such as it is), are all of the footlights, foot-lighty. Give us but the orchestra and the air, and we should be delighted to *encore* the new Mario in the *Donna del Lago* and the prison scene of *Fideio*. As Gallait is all himself in these canvases, so is Leys in his scene from the history of Antwerp; local, slightly archaeological, slightly immobile even, if you will; but in every head in that crowd of armed citizens, in every gesture and expression, giving one the conviction of placing the scene before us as it really was—in a word, of thorough sincerity. What a gift is that, and what a pleasure! Only, a little patience is wanted before we can sufficiently throw ourselves into the spirit of the scene to appreciate a representation which seems to shun effect precisely that it may be more effective. What may be, perhaps, noticed as wanting to bring this fine work nearer the level of Velasquez, in his "Siege of Breda" (obviously in the painter's mind), is that forcible summing up of the whole in one central interest which, it may be submitted, is just what Art should give, not in opposition to, but in fulfilment of, Nature.

Art, on the other hand, is, in a way, too predominant in Meissonier and his dexterous pupil, M. Ruiperez. Admirably as they compose, and brilliantly as they colour, a sense of composition and of tint is apt to get the upper hand in their work—a result for which the profoundly uninteresting, nay the profoundly odious, character of their subjects is too often responsible. The soldiery of the Thirty Years' war, or of Louis Quatorze (that pompous barbarian, let M. Sainte Beuve, even more distinguished as a courtier than as a critic, say what he will), drinking and gambling in guard-houses, or some curled musician of Versailles, all ruffles and swagger, are, at least to English eyes, about the least attractive *dramatis personæ* that painting can put upon the stage. Even the *homo sum, humani nihil, &c.* seems almost to fail us here. That cannot be a healthy luxury for which these skilful *articles de luxe* are annually provided. With a word to note the masterly drawing and character of M. Gérôme's striking "Muezzin calling the Hour of Evening Prayer" from a minaret in Cairo, we may turn to that aspect of French art which is in such striking contrast to its successful renderings of costume and fashionable life—the domestic and cottage scenes in which national prepossession cannot conceal the fact that our Fords, Horsleys, Copes, and Websters fall so much below them. The "Children at their Evening Prayers," by E. Frère (47); the "Cat's Portrait," by Duverger (35); "Children playing by the River-side," by J. Lies (98), with several more, are all noteworthy; but

above them we should be disposed to place the single contributions by MM. Laugée and Ismels. The latter has a mother and child resting their baskets on a journey, not unlike the pathetic family-fitting which he exhibited last year, in tender depth of feeling and a profound sense of the "labour that is in the earth"; but it is on the whole less powerful, especially in its atmospheric effect. Laugée, on the other hand, puts forth new strength in his present picture. We always come to this artist with the delightful sense that he will give us a poem of children's life as complete and as charming as any of Tennyson's. Last year it was a school. Now he shows a boy dragging his little sister in a child's green waggon upon a long level roadway. The little procession has halted for a moment in order to get fairly into the middle of the road, whilst an elder girl stands still for a moment to smile on the baby, with her great sheaf of poppy-flowers almost as large as her own head. These figures are powerfully brought out, but without blackness, against the evening sky. Behind lies that treeless and hedgeless expanse of country which gives the landscape of Touraine or of Picardy such an illimitable character to English eyes. If not a more refined, this seems to us an abler, piece of painting than any of the artist's that we remember.

Interesting figure-subjects by M. Schreyer, by M. A. Stevens (the background very rich and full in colour), by M. Willems, Herr Becker, P. Soyer ("Innocent Critics"); landscapes by Lamorinière, Lambinet, and Daubigny—the latter dreamily poetical—should be remarked. The animal pictures of Mdlles. Rosa and Juliette Bonheur, with one by M. Troyon, whose death is a serious blow to French art, keep their customary predominance. Troyon's "Ploughing" should be secured by one of our collectors, although we fear that very few among the many who yearly devote their thousand or two to building up a gallery in our Northern capitals of commerce are alive to the fact how much tone and attractiveness good foreign pictures give to an English collection, or realize that a sound taste cannot be a narrow taste. Mdlle. Bonheur has, however, fairly broken down our insular limitation; and we will, therefore, only add that her "Deer in Fontainebleau Forest" is the most refined and limpidly beautiful piece of work we have seen by her hand. Her early pictures are marked by these qualities; but it is rare, and a true note of genius, when an artist, after a period in which effect has been aimed at by more obvious expedients, reasserts them.

Two or three names may be added to the novelties of the exhibition. By De Brackeleer are the remarkable Interiors of a Church and of a Tailor's Shop, and a Nursery Garden. You look straight up between the formal rows of flowers and pots, to the formal gardener's cottage and toolhouse, and can count the seedlings and clumps, or the bricks in the wall opposite. The interiors display similar minuteness, and we have no doubt that the artist's work will be saluted with the well-known title of "Pre-Raphaelite," which it really deserves no more than M. Laugée's; being, in fact, an excellent attempt in the style of old De Hooghe—the least popularly known, we suppose, of all the great oil painters. M. Alina-Tadema (we believe a Fleming) has turned his realistic tendency towards the past, and reproduced two scenes from Assyrian and Egyptian life with a marvellous vivacity and archaeological correctness which do not, however, hamper him in displaying much technical merit. He is decidedly a man to be henceforth watched; and we would say the same for M. Fichel, who does credit to his distinguished master, P. Delaroche, in his "Napoleon Bonaparte Studying" (40). Whether in idea, in expression, or in the lines of the composition, this is truly a great picture on a small scale; but the colour is deficient in vivacity.

REVIEWS.

CARLYLE'S *FREDERICK THE GREAT*.*

THE concluding volumes of Mr. Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* have appeared, and a premature death cannot now intervene to add one more melancholy example to the long list of great historical works left half finished. Now that we can look on the work as a whole, we can see how large a scope it permitted to Mr. Carlyle's peculiar powers, how apt a subject it afforded for the application of his peculiar theories, but also how far it has failed to let Mr. Carlyle do justice to himself. Mr. Carlyle has a knowledge of Europe in the eighteenth century which is wholly unrivalled, and the history of Frederick involves the history of Germany, France, and England, and of a large portion of French and German literature. Mr. Carlyle has a marvellous power of condensing the result of his researches and reflections into pregnant, epigrammatic, half-ludicrous sentences or expressions; and the various persons who floated to the top of European society in the middle of the last century were exactly suited to be described in this way, having a certain limited interest for the modern world; and being neither too wise nor too good to be dashed off with a humorous epithet or two. Further, Mr. Carlyle has a passion for accuracy of detail. He loves to take the utmost pains to make his geography and his chronology right. He is not satisfied with knowing that Frederick and his army crossed a brook; he wants also to know whether this brook had a gravelly or a muddy bottom. He is not satisfied with knowing that the brook was crossed on such a

day of such a month, but he wants also to know what was the hour and the minute. Frederick's history offers an ample field for this sort of labour, for Frederick was continually, for near thirty years, crossing brooks, and the glory and delight of finding out these brooks is much increased by the dismal character of the country where they are to be discovered. A man who sets himself to describe very accurately and minutely the bogs of Bohemia may have the satisfaction of thinking that, if he can carry his readers successfully through this amount of topography, he can carry them through anything. Frederick, too, presents many of the qualities which Mr. Carlyle has spent his life in trying to make the world admire. He was very hard-working, very despotic, with a stern purpose to which he succeeded in making other men bend, and full of a bulldog courage. Undoubtedly he was a captain of men and a captain of industry, and made many millions of men fight, or dig, or die, as he pleased. But the life of Frederick totally fails to give Mr. Carlyle scope for his power of seizing that which is pious, noble, and good in the characters of pious, noble, and good men. He feels this, and shows that he feels it. He is obliged to be constantly patronizing Frederick, making the best of him, exclaiming and protesting that, although he was a heathenish old brute, he still fought and wrought so well that anything may be forgiven him. It may, therefore, seem as if the choice of Frederick were to be regretted, and that Mr. Carlyle might have devoted to a better purpose the maturest years of his intellectual power. We do not think so. This history of Frederick the Great appears to us quite a good enough work for the theory of captains of men and industry to have resulted in. It is better that the theory should be shown us once for all in its naked simplicity, and that we should not see it confused and overshadowed by the accidental virtues of a mixed character like Cromwell. Frederick affords a very fair instance of the kind of man Mr. Carlyle wishes to uphold. He was neither too bad nor too good. He worked towards ends that cannot be called mean or purely selfish, and he showed unconquerable tenacity in his manner of working. To keep up the Prussian army, to crib bits of his neighbours' territory, and to improve Prussian trade and agriculture, were the sort of things which an able and resolute King of Prussia in the last century naturally felt himself called upon to do. Frederick did these things, and Mr. Carlyle praises him highly for doing them. According to Mr. Carlyle's view, he showed himself in this to be a man who saw facts, and the eternal purposes of Heaven, and who consulted the verities. Frederick saw the fact that a very highly disciplined army like the Prussian, if well led, might give its owner a power disproportionate to the numerical strength of his force. He saw the fact that Silesia might be safely occupied, and Poland advantageously dismembered. He saw the fact that large tracts of land might be drained, by the active intervention of Government, which could never be drained or turned to any account by the poverty-stricken creatures who inhabited them. But then to see facts like these, though the foundation of much excellence, is not enough to make a man a hero. It is not so much his aim, as the mode in which he carried out his aims, that gives Frederick so high a place in Mr. Carlyle's estimation. He was wholly inattentive to the doggeries, and this is what makes him so dear to his biographer. That is, he did not mind what was said or thought of him, or what misery he caused, so long as he had his own beneficent way. To do things moderately good, with a perfect indifference to the feelings of every one, is the ideal of human life which Mr. Carlyle, amid some waverings, has set himself to preach up for the last thirty years; and Frederick the Great approaches this ideal sufficiently to warrant Mr. Carlyle in choosing him as a representative man.

But Mr. Carlyle is a very honest man, and he never consciously carries his theory further than he thinks it warranted; and if an objection to it crosses his mind, he lets his readers know his thoughts. On one occasion the startling question seems to have occurred to him—"But what if there were no doggeries, or if they left off yelping altogether, and the captains did exactly as they pleased, without any one approving or disapproving of them; would that be altogether so desirable a state of things?" If a sovereign, or other strong person, announcing himself as a seer of facts and an accomplisher of the decrees of Providence, were to march armies about, and dismember kingdoms, and in various ways trample on his neighbours, and no one objected, or resisted, or praised, or blamed him; would not this last state of things be worse than the first? Is it, for example, altogether to be regretted that Europe shrieked a little over the partition of Poland? Mr. Carlyle is obliged to own that humanity, after all, requires its doggeries, or, in other words, that tyranny and robbery ought to receive the disapprobation of men. This opinion, wrung out of him, as it were, by his own troublesome conscience, is expressed as follows:—

For, granting that the Nation of Poland was for centuries past an Anarchy doomed by the Eternal Laws of Heaven to die, and then of course to get gradually buried, or eaten by neighbours, were it only for sanitary reasons—it will by no means suit to declare openly on behalf of terrestrial neighbours who have taken up such an idea (granting it were even a just one, and a true reading of the silent but inexorable certain purposes of Heaven), that they, those volunteer terrestrial neighbours, are justified in breaking in upon the poor dying or dead carcass, and flaying and burying it, with amicable sharing of skin and shoes! If it even were certain that the wretched Polish Nation, for the last forty years hastening with especial speed towards death, did in present circumstances, with such a howling cannibal of Turk Janissaries and vultures of creation busy round it, actually require prompt surgery, in the usual method, by neighbours—the neighbours shall and must do that function at their own risk. If Heaven did appoint them to it,

* *History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great.* By Thomas Carlyle. Vols. V. and VI. London: Chapman and Hall. 1865.

Heaven, for certain, will at last justify them; and in the meanwhile, for a generation or two, the same Heaven (I can believe) has appointed that Earth shall pretty unanimously condemn them. The shrieks, the foam-lipped curses of mistaken mankind, in such case, are mankind's one security against over-promptitude (which is so dreadfully possible) on the part of surgical neighbours.

It is true that at the end of this passage Mr. Carlyle relapses into assuring his "articulate-speaking friends" that the solution of the riddle is not logic, but silence. He cannot quite bear to let the doggeries fancy he is a convert to them; and perhaps the doggeries may be content with the amount of adhesion to them they have got. And certainly the doggeries of this generation need not yelp very loudly about the part which Frederick took in the partition. It was not his idea, but that of the Czarina; and he merely managed the matter so that the partitioning Powers should not quarrel over the spoil. Nowhere in the whole of this long work has Mr. Carlyle been more happy than in his description of the Czarina and of Poland, and nowhere more graphic in any of the portraits he has given, or of the countries and societies he has depicted. Poland is a subject after Mr. Carlyle's own heart. It must be owned that Poland in those days was, and for some time had been, anarchical; and "anarchies are not permitted in this world." More especially there was the *Liberum Veto*, "the power of one man to stop the proceedings of the Polish Parliament, by pronouncing audibly 'Nie Pozwalam, I don't permit. Never before or since, among mortals, was so incredible a law.'" But there the law, however incredible, was "like an ever-flowing fountain of anarchy, joyful to the Polish nation." But the Poles had something else in the anarchical way quite as peculiar as the *Liberum Veto*. They had the right of confederation, "the brightest jewel in the cincture of Polish liberty—right of every Polish gentleman to confederate with every other against, or for, whatsoever to them two may seem good." No wonder Poland, with such fountains of anarchy in it, was what Mr. Carlyle calls the door-mat of Russia—the country across which she stepped, and on which she wiped her feet as she pleased when she wished to visit Europe. But the Czarina did not mean to hurt Poland very much. She only did not know what to do with it, and first gave it as a kingdom to one of her ex-lovers, and then stripped off some of its superfluities. Of the Czarina Mr. Carlyle speaks in kindly terms, as "a grandiose creature, with considerable magnanimities, natural and acquired, with many ostentations, some really great qualities and talents; in effect a kind of Louis-Quatorze, if the reader will reflect on that royal gentleman, and put him into petticoats in Russia, and change his improper females for improper males." And this good creature, as Mr. Carlyle believes, really wished to treat Poland in a philanthropic and handsome way which would do her credit in Europe, and to "gain glory both with the enlightened philanthropic classes and with her own proud heart by her treatment of that intricate matter." Thus rosewater is thrown over even the partition of Poland, and thus even Czarinas are rehabilitated. Not perhaps unjustly, for Nie Pozwalam is, it must be confessed, rather too anarchical for the stoutest friend of liberty; and we have no means of disputing the hypothesis that Catharine, in seizing on the most available part of Poland, really wished, not only to aggrandise herself, but to please Voltaire and her own improper male.

Mr. Carlyle is, as usual, admirable in the delineation of his characters of the second class; not only of the eminences whom, like Catharine, he hits off in a sentence or two, but of those whom he describes at some length—literary eminences, for the most part, known by name to most persons who have read anything about Continental literature in the eighteenth century, but only by name or by a dim notion of their works. Mr. Carlyle fills in their vague outlines, and lets us know what the men were really like. For example, he gives the following inimitable sketch of Gellert, and we will pay our readers the compliment of supposing they know Gellert by name:—

A modest, despondent kind of man, given to indigestions, dietetics, hypochondria: "of neat figure and dress; nose hooked, but not too much; eyes mournfully blue and beautiful, fine open brow";—a fine countenance, and fine soul of its sort, poor Gellert: "punctual like the church-clock at divine service, in all weathers."

A man of some real intellect and melody; some, by no means much; who was of amiable meek demeanour; studious to offend nobody, and to do whatever good he could by the established methods; and who, what was the great secret of his success, was of orthodox perfect and eminent. Whom, accordingly, the whole world, polite Saxon orthodox world, hailed as its Evangelist and Trismegistus. Essentially a commonplace man; but who employed himself in beautifying and illuminating the commonplace of his day and generation:—infinitely to the satisfaction of said generation. "How charming that you should make thinkable to us, make vocal, musical, and comfortably certain, what we were all inclined to think; you creature plainly divine!" And the homages to Gellert were unlimited and continual, not pleasant all of them to an idlish man in weak health.

And there are many touches equally good. For instance, there was a certain Büsching, who dined with the Queen of Sweden, of whom we read:—

Büsching dined with Her Majesty several times—"eating nothing," he is careful to mention, and was careful to show Her Majesty, "except, very gradually, a small bit of bread soaked in a glass of wine!"—meaning thereby, "Note, ye great ones, it is not for your dainties; in fact, it is out of loyal politeness mainly!" the gloomily humble man.

Here is a whole portrait of a man in two or three lines. Whether, as a matter of fact, Büsching in the flesh was like this, no one can say; but at any rate this is a first-rate picture of a possible Büsching—of a man gloomily humble—a character and a scene condensed into two words. In a more comic but equally vivid

vein is the following account of a remedy to which the great Zimmermann, author of *Solitude*, heroically submitted:—

The famed Meckel received his famed patient with a nobleness worthy of the heroic ages. Lodged him in his own house, in softest beds and appliances; spoke comfort to him, hope to him—the gallant Meckel; rallied, in fact, the due medical staff one morning; came up to Zimmermann, who "stripped," with the heart of a lamb and lion conjoined, and trusting in God, "flung himself on his bed" (on his face, or on his back, we never know), and there, by the hands of Meckel and staff, "received above 2,000 (two thousand) cuts, in the space of an hour and half, without uttering one word or sound." A frightful operation, gallantly endured, and skillfully done; whereby the "bodily disorder" (*Leibesschade*), whatever it might be, was effectually and for ever sent about its business by the noble Meckel.

And not less effective in its way, though with a comedy that is, we will hope, misplaced, is this account of the famous British Constitution in its palmy Hanoverian days:—

Stranger theory of society, completely believed in by a clear, sharp and altogether human head, incapable of falsity, was seldom heard of in the world. For King: open your mouth, let the first gentleman that falls into it (a mass of Hanover stolidity, stupidity, foreign to you, heedless of you) be King: Supreme Majesty he, with hypothetical decorations, dignities, solemn appliances, high as the stars (the whole, except the money, a mendacity, and sin against Heaven); him you declare Sent-of-God, Supreme Captain of your England; and having done so—tie him up (according to Pitt) with Constitutional straps, so that he cannot stir hand or foot, for fear of accidents; in which state he is fully cooked; throw me at His Majesty's feet, and let me bless Heaven for such a Pillar of Cloud by day.

Passages like these irradiate the volumes, and cheer up admiring readers after the dreary struggle of the Seven Years' War. In spite of all the pains Mr. Carlyle has taken to make it lively, the history of the struggle remains as dreary as ever. It is nothing but a long mournful series of marches across brooks at 2 P.M. and into bogs at 5 P.M. The brook and the bog are minutely described to us, and the hour precisely noted; but we can neither realize, nor persuade ourselves to care about, the contest. Sometimes Frederick wins, and sometimes he loses; but we know beforehand that all the parties to it ended as they began, and therefore the ups and downs do not affect us much. Unquestionably we learn to admire Frederick for fighting a losing game with such astonishing pertinacity. But the exact steps he took are duller and drearier to read of than most military events; and it makes the account of the Seven Years' War less interesting that, when it is over, we begin to read of Frederick only, and of his sayings and doings in daily life, so that we then get much more of the main subject—that is, Frederick himself—than when we are trying to keep up with the marches and counter-marches of his army. Among the small events of Frederick's latter days was the appeal to his justice in the case of the miller Arnold—a man who had lost the water from his mill, but who, as every successive Court, even to the very highest, repeatedly held, lost it because the man who took it had a legal right to take it. Frederick would listen to no legal arguments. Here was a poor man who lived by his mill, and a rich man took the poor man's mill-water away. It was a case for a King to interfere, and Frederick did interfere to Mr. Carlyle's great delight. The King was, as his biographer says, "very impatient indeed when he came upon imbecility and pedantry threatening to extinguish essence and fact among his law people." These wicked law people, in an imbecile and pedantic way, insisted on seeing what, under the acknowledged law of the country, was the position of the parties, what evidence was adduced, what damage done. But the captain of men acted in a far better way. His unerring sagacity taught him that what a poor man says must be true, and that what a poor man claims must be just; and for not seeing this, but for honestly abiding by their own views of law, he sent the judges themselves to prison—thus showing, as Mr. Carlyle says, that he had very little sympathy for mere respectability of wig. In modern England, we may say without regret, the doggeries are too strong and loud to let such noble principles of the unpunctilious take root; and, greatly to their credit, the Berlin doggeries of the day yelped bravely enough. But the captain had his own way, and "continued his salutary cashierment of the wigged gentlemen and imprisonment till their full term ran." And in this way, and in this mood, he set about everything, always assiduous, inexorable, doing everything possible, and doing everything possible himself. "The strictest husbandman is not busier with his farm than Friedrich with his kingdom throughout; which is indeed a farm leased him by the Heavens, in which not a gate-bar can be broken, nor a stone or sod roll into the ditch, but it is to his, the husbandman's, damage, and must be instantly looked after." This was his notion of duty, and it was because he did his duty after his fashion so earnestly and thoroughly that Mr. Carlyle has set him up on a literary pedestal, grieved a little that he was not a greater and completer hero, but finding such comfort and assurance as are expressed in the following striking words at the end of the book:—

He well knew himself to be dying; but, some think, expected that the end might be a little farther off. There is a grand simplicity of stoicism in him; coming as if by nature, or by long second-nature; finely unconscious of itself, and finding nothing of peculiar in this new trial laid on it. From old, Life has been infinitely contemptible to him. In death, I think, he has neither fear nor hope. Atheism, truly, he never could abide; to him, as to all of us, it was flatly inconceivable that intellect, moral emotion, could have been put into him by an Entity that had none of its own. But there, pretty much, his Theism seems to have stopped. Instinctively, too, he believed, no man more firmly, that Right alone has ultimately any strength in this world; ultimately, yes;—but for him and his poor brief interests, what good was it? Hope for himself in Divine Justice, in Divine Providence, I think he had not practically any; that the unfathomable Demiurgus should concern himself with such a set of paltry ill-given animalcules as oneself and

mankind are, this also, as we have often noticed, is in the main incredible to him.

A sad Creed, this of the King's;—he had to do his duty without fee or reward. Yes, reader;—and what is well worth your attention, you will have difficulty to find, in the annals of any Creed, a King or man who stood more faithfully to his duty; and, till the last hour, alone concerned himself with doing that. To poor Friedrich that was all the Law and all the Prophets; and I much recommend you to surpass him, if you, by good luck, have a better Copy of those inestimable Documents!

GOETHE'S FAUST.*

MR. MARTIN, who published two years ago an excellent translation of the second part of *Faust*, has now accomplished, by completing the first and best-known part of the poem, an arduous task. Long experience in translations from many languages has cultivated to a high degree of perfection Mr. Martin's natural perception of the force and delicacy of poetical expression. In Horace, in Catullus, and in Dante he has studied and imitated the subtle felicity of language, as a conscientious engraver strives to reproduce the touches of a great painter; but Latin and Italian poetry can only be rendered in English by more or less conventional equivalents. A translator of German deals with metres and with verbal roots which are common to both languages, and a sanguine beginner in the art at first thinks it possible to preserve both the sound and the sense of the cognate original. There are English and Scotch ballads which may be found almost unchanged in several Low-German dialects, and modern German translations of Shakespeare display a photographic fidelity to the text, although much of the spirit unavoidably evaporates. The converse process of turning German verse into English is far more difficult, in consequence of the inevitable deficiency of terminal syllables. Poetry, like prose, may sometimes be improved by condensation, and it inevitably loses by artificial expansion. While the German translator, adhering to the metre of the original, has always two or three syllables in a line to spare, his English competitor must contrive to fill up as many vacant spaces. If the language of Chaucer could have been kept alive for purposes of translation, many vowels which are now mute would still be sounded, and it would often be unnecessary to alter or to transpose the corresponding German word. The same difficulty which besets a translator of *Faust* interferes with attempts to modernize old English verse. Such a couplet as

Up sprenge spere twenty foot on high;
Out goen swerde as the silver bright;

might be transposed with less change into German than into the clipped English of the present day. *Schwerter* and *Speere* would be far more manageable than *swords* and *spears*. The spirit of poetry is nevertheless so inextricably blended with the metre that an English translator of German verse would lose far more than he could gain by abandoning the hope of retaining the original rhythm. Mr. Martin has allowed himself no further license than the occasional substitution of a monosyllable for a trochee at the end of a line. In sound and in sense he has produced a singularly faithful representation of the only considerable German poem since the mediæval *Lay of the Nibelungen*. A good translator must satisfy the double test of comparison with the original, and of the criticism of the unlearned or indigenous reader. Mr. Martin's *Faust* would survive as an interesting and spirited poem if Goethe and his language were, by some unfortunate catastrophe, to disappear.

Although *Faust* is still acted on the German stage, the short episode of the hero's intrigue with Margaret is the only dramatic part of the work. Half the poem is concluded before Faust emerges from his lonely chamber, and a considerable portion of the remainder is occupied with the witch's mummery, and with the tiresome satire of the *Walpurgis Night's Dream*. A powerful lyrical monologue, and one or two tender and pathetic scenes, would entitle Goethe to the rank of a great poet if he had written nothing else; but Margaret herself is the only living person in the drama, with the exception of secondary figures such as Wagner and Martha. Mephistopheles is intended to represent intellect abstracted from conscience and feeling, and Faust has scarcely more individual reality than Childe Harold. He may, however, take credit to himself as the undoubted parent of an innumerable brood of Byronic heroes, of Festuses, and of other imaginary projections of ambitious egotism. Goethe was probably impatient of the narrowness of his own little world of theorists and men of letters, and he thought it worth his while to proclaim the truth that life and its enjoyments are more real and more attractive than libraries. If Faust had been merely an emancipated bookworm, he would have taken more unmixed pleasure in his liberation. The ironical dissatisfaction which proceeds from his ingrained habit of philosophic melancholy renders him a fitter mouthpiece for a thoughtful poet, though it at the same time reduces him to an abstraction. It must be confessed that his early experiences of practical life are not especially exciting. His own Gothic study must have been as amusing as the witch's cave or the pothouse of the Leipzig boozers. On the Blocksberg, Faust must have found himself still in that atmosphere of literary gossip from which Goethe but occasionally escaped. The society of Mephistopheles would have been more agreeable and instructive if the two associates had not, before the appearance of Gretchen, generally coincided in their judgments. It is curious to observe the

hold which authorship and its associations always retained on Goethe's mind. The second part of *Faust* consists almost wholly of a literary allegory on the relations of ancient and modern art. In the first part, the Prelude at the Theatre, the dialogue between Mephistopheles and the student, part of the *Walpurgis Night*, and the whole of the *Walpurgis Night's Dream*, are similarly employed or wasted. Poetry is the most unpoetical of topics, but even the genius of Goethe failed to shake itself free from professional habit and dialect. Even the apes in the witch's den partake of the nature of poetasters:—

And if we make a lucky hit,
And if the words fall in and fit,
Thought is begot, and with the jingle
Seems to interweave and mingle;

a passage which suggests to Mephistopheles the sneering reflection—

Well, every one must own that they
Are candid poets.

He had not long before advised Faust to engage a poet to provide him with all the qualities and virtues which he might desire. It may be inferred that, according to Goethe's opinion, there were poets at Weimar or in Germany who used exaggerated compliments, or who wrote poems with an insufficient amount of meaning. It might have also occurred to a writer of genius that his facetious allusions were at the same time irrelevant and commonplace.

In his later years Goethe sometimes informed his disciples and admirers that the meaning of the *Faust* was so various and inexhaustible that he had himself not fully mastered it. In a certain sense, the statement would be true of every great poem, and the least valuable of all the lessons which are conveyed generally consists in the deliberate purpose of the poet and in the allegorical interpretation of his riddle. The theological doctrines of Dante or of Milton are only tolerable in as far as they serve as motives or excuses for the *Divine Comedy* and the *Paradise Lost*. It matters little whether Hamlet is a type of philosophic vacillation, or Beatrice of intellectual beauty. The moral of the *Faust* seems to be that the life of a German professor is narrow and tedious; nor does the story in any degree correspond with the theme which is propounded in the *Prologue in Heaven*. Faust is provided by Mephistopheles, not with temptations, but with opportunities, and in the only blameable transaction of his life he anticipates, at his first meeting with Margaret, the suggestions of the superfluous fiend. Happily, the moral is only the peg on which a drama may be suspended, and, as Goethe said, the meaning of the *Faust* is not to be classified or numbered in a string of formal propositions. The copious plenitude of thought, of imagination, and of wit supercedes idle discussion on the scheme or the purpose of the poem. Heine says, in one of his early writings, that when he was asked what he thought of Goethe, he always answered, "What do you think of the sea?" The instinctive skill of a great artist is proved by the abundant use which is made of the old story of the Devil and Doctor Faustus. The reflections and regrets of the modern philosopher might have become monotonous but for the supernatural events, which are at the same time shaded down through a thin covering of consciously sceptical humour. Goethe knew as well as his own Manager that readers and spectators are best pleased when something is going on:—

So of mechanical effects
And gorgeous scenery be not sparing;
Turn on heaven's greater light and less,
Be lavish of the stars withal,
Fire, forest, sea, crag, waterfall,
Birds, beasts, into your service press,
So in this narrow booth the wide
Broad circle of creation stride;
And, with such speed as best will tell,
From heaven post through the world to hell.

The walk on Easter morning, the midnight ascent of the Brocken, the poodle, the rat which gnaws away the angle of the pentagram, the black horses which bring the travellers to the door of the prison, are instances of the lavish supply of poetical scenery and properties. Even when a sufficient human interest is supplied by the exquisite story and character of Margaret, the chant from the Minster and the voices of the contending good and bad spirits, make the drama still more picturesque and exciting. Movement is the first condition of fictitious life, and it is of secondary importance that everything should be intelligible and transparent. The world itself displays—

In bunten Bildern wenig Klarheit,
Viel Irrthum, und ein Fünkchen Wahrheit.

A poem which is destined, like the *Faust*, to delight generation after generation, ought to be as profound as the gravest metaphysical treatise, and at the same time as amusing as a fairy tale.

Mr. Martin has preserved with remarkable skill the spirit of the narrative, and there is much poetical beauty in his version of the most finished and most elevated lyrical passages. The bookish criticism of the Theatrical Prelude is relieved by the poet's natural regret for the days when he too was young and growing, as well as the audience which he is required to address:—

Then give, give me too back the days
When I myself, like them, was growing,
When forth gushed thronging lays on lays,
As from a fountain ever flowing;
When to my wondering eyes the world
As in a veil of mist was set,

* *Goethe's Faust*. Translated by Theodore Martin. Blackwood & Sons. 1865.

And every bud gave promise yet
Of marvels in its leaves up curled;
When swiftly sped the happy hours,
As, roaming like a summer gale,
I plucked at will the thousand flowers
That richly studded every vale.
Nought had I then, yet had in sooth
Such wealth as nothing could enhance,
The indomitable thirst for truth,
The wild delusions of romance.
Give each bold impulse back to me,
The deep wild joy, that thrilled like pain,
The might of hate, love's ecstasy.
Give me my youth again!

It would be impossible to translate the line

Den Drang nach Wahrheit, und die Lust am Trug

better than by

The indomitable thirst for truth,
The wild delusions of romance.

It is unlucky that the passage should end with a halting or stunted line, because *my youth* is shorter by two syllables than the original *meine Jugend*.

A still finer specimen of Mr. Martin's power as a translator is furnished in the famous passage where Faust's intended suicide is prevented by the sound of the Easter hymn. It is only surprising that an accurate scholar should, with a kind of Presbyterian indifference to the distinction between Easter and Ascension Day, confuse the Resurrection with the Ascension. *Christ ist erstanden* means, as Mr. Martin must be well aware, *Christ is arisen*. No other event could have been fitly celebrated on Easter morning, nor would any German writer have used the word *Auferstehung* as equivalent to *Himmelfahrt*. Nevertheless, the whole passage well deserves to be quoted on account of its beauty even more than for its laudable fidelity:—

Then come thou down, pure goblet crystalline,
Out from that time-stained covering of thine,
Where I unmarked for years have let thee rest.
Thou sparkled'st when my grandsire's feasts were crowned,
Lit'st up the smiles of many a sad-browed guest,
As each man to his neighbour passed thee round.
Thy figures, marvels of the artist's craft,
The drinker's task, to tell their tale in rhyme,
And drain thy huge circumference at a draught,
Bring many a night back of my youthful prime.
I shall not pass thee now to comrade boon,
Nor torture my invention to explain
The quaint devices of the graver's brain.
Here is a juice intoxicates full soon,
Its current brown brims up thy ample bowl.
Now be this draught, the last I shall prepare,
In festive greeting quaffed with all my soul
Unto the morn, that soon shall dawn on me elsewhere.
[Raises the goblet to his lips. Pealing of bells and choral song.]

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is ascended!
Hail the glad token,
True was it spoken,
Sin's fetters are broken,
Man's bondage is ended.

FAUST.

What deepening hum is this, what silver chime
Drags from my lips perforce the cup away?
Ye booming bells, do you proclaim the time
Is here once more of Easter's festal day?
And you, ye pealing choirs, do you the songs
Of consolation and glad tidings chant,
Hymned round the sepulchre by angel throngs,
Pledge of a new and nobler covenant?

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

With myrrh and with aloes
We balm'd and we bathed Him.
Loyally, lovingly,
Tenderly swathed Him
With cerecloth and band.
For the grave we arrayed Him,
But, oh, He is gone
From the place where we laid Him.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is ascended!
The love that possessed Him,
The pangs that oppressed Him,
To prove and to test Him,
In triumph have ended.

The first Chorus of Angels forms an exception to the general closeness of the translation, and it was perhaps impossible to render accurately the congratulation to man on his release from the subtle destructiveness of original sin. The scarcely less difficult Hymn of the Women is admirably translated. In the concluding Chorus of Angels, also, the sense is felicitously retained, although it is impossible to preserve the perfect charm of the original:—

Thätig ihn preisenden,
Liebe beweisenden,
Brüderlich speisenden,
Predigend reisenden,
Wonne verheissenden
Euch ist der Meister nah';
Euch ist er da!

Praise Him unceasingly,
Love one another,
Break bread together like
Sister and brother.
Preach the glad tidings
To all who will hear you,
So will the Master be
Evermore near you.

In the *Prologue in Heaven*, which is perhaps the most difficult part of the poem to a translator, Mr. Martin enters into competition with a formidable rival. In some respects, Shelley's version is perhaps more idiomatic and easy, but it is less faithful in the

substitution of blank verse for the quatrains and couplets of the original dialogue. In the Archangel's hymn, Mr. Martin has not retained the trochaic endings of the alternate lines, nor is his rhythm equally perfect. The part of the hymn which is sung by Gabriel, however, proves that the later translator is, like his predecessor, a poet:—

SHELLEY.

And swift and swift, with rapid lightness,
The adorned Earth spins silently,
Alternating Elysian brightness
With deep and dreadful night; the sea
Foams in broad billows from the deep
Up to the rocks; and rocks and ocean,
Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
Are hurried in eternal motion.

MARTIN.

And swift, beyond conceiving swift,
The Earth is wheeling onward; mark
From dark to light its surface shift,
From brightest light to deepest dark!
And see, in foam broad billows leap,
And lash the rocks with giant force,
And rock and billow onward sweep
With sun and stars in endless course.

Mr. Martin, in the first line, is both more faithful and more spirited than his illustrious competitor; but he has not equalled the translation of *der Erde Pracht* by *the adorned Earth*. Either version will, however, convey a not unworthy impression of one of Goethe's finest lyrics. In the part of Michael, Mr. Martin has ventured on a new and ingenious rendering of the words *deine Boten*, thy messengers, of whom it is said, at the close of a description of tempests and thunderstorms, "Yet thy messengers, Lord, reverse the gentle changing of thy day." Shelley translates *Boten*, servants, applying the term to the Archangels themselves. Mr. Martin, referring the word to the storms and lightnings, says—

But here they lay
Their terrors down, and, Lord, reverse
The gentle going of thy day.

The simpler and more obvious interpretation is probably correct, though it may be doubted whether Shelley perceived the full force of the antithesis. There are tempests and other elemental disturbances in the world below, but the Archangels, who look down on the distant commotion, are themselves placed in a calm empyrean amid a *largior æther*, where they can perpetually contemplate the tranquil changes of the heavenly day. In the closing exhortation to the Archangels, Mr. Martin has happily preserved the metaphysical meaning of the command to "embody and secure," in the forms of thought, the floating maze of phenomena. Shelley has obscured the force of the passage by a characteristic addition of sentiment:—

And seize with sweet and melancholy thoughts
The floating phantoms of its loveliness.

Goethe never intended intellectual activity to be tainted with melancholy.

SENIOR'S HISTORICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAYS.*

THE indefatigable activity of the late Mr. Senior's mind has received another and, it is to be feared, a final attestation by the republication of two volumes of historical and philosophical Essays originally published by him at various times between 1841 and 1850. They were partially prepared for publication by the author in 1862, and it is much to be regretted that he did not live to finish his work, as the course of events during the twenty years between 1842 and 1862 would certainly have enabled him to add much to what he originally wrote. He appears to have meant to recast the articles which are contained in these volumes, and to throw them more or less into the shape of a continuous treatise. This design, however, has not been carried out, and the natural consequence is that the form of the book is defective. Several of the Essays are encumbered with notes and postscripts, and one of the most valuable of the whole series—a paper on combinations and strikes, and on the laws relating to them—is republished in its original form, that of a report to Lord Melbourne's Government which was subsequently used to form part of the Report of the Hand-loom Weavers' Commission. This doubly-distilled official character certainly does not improve the literary merits of what is, in itself, a remarkable and important production. It is like publishing a brief, corrected from the notes of the counsel engaged in the case, by way of giving an account of a trial.

These literary defects, however, are in reality an unimportant matter. In substance, the Essays in question appear to us to be by far the best and most important of Mr. Senior's writings. In their own way, they are well entitled to rank with the very best performances of the kind of which so many have been published within the last twenty-five years. There are things in these volumes as good as the best of Lord Macaulay's or Mr. Mill's speculative essays; and they contain a mass of special information upon particular subjects which is hardly to be found in the occasional productions of either of those great writers. Their general characteristics are those of their author's profession. Before all things Mr. Senior was a lawyer. His mind was intensely legal, and that in the good sense of the word.

* *Historical and Philosophical Essays.* By Nassau W. Senior. London: Longman & Co. 1865.

That is to say, he understood the nature and value of evidence, he knew an argument when he saw one, he always wrote with a distinct meaning in his mind, and there is no nonsense or sophistry to be found in his compositions. On the other hand, he had not much imagination; and this defect sometimes led him, not only to leave out of account matters which he ought to have considered and which really bore upon the question in hand, but also to put up with a word, instead of finding out what the word meant.

It is almost impossible to give a connected account of a book which is itself disjointed, as every collection of miscellanies must of necessity be. We shall therefore confine ourselves to some general observations which the tone of the volumes before us suggests, and to the discussion of one or two isolated points out of the great number which the author handles. The first general observation suggested by the book relates to the school to which it belongs. Mr. Senior was one of the most prominent, most thoroughgoing, and most successful of the school of utilitarians and rationalists. According to him, all institutions, all creeds, all doctrines, were always and everywhere upon their trial, liable at any moment to be found wanting, and rejected or modified accordingly. He was the logical opposite of Dr. Newman, and of all other persons who believe that any barrier whatever is to be opposed to the exertions of the human mind upon any subject, either by authoritative teachers or by the internal authority of innate ideas. It is interesting to see the practical effect of the application of an intellect of this kind to the present, or at least to a very modern, state of things, and to trace the sort of results which it contributed to produce.

The general view which it involved of the condition of public affairs was by no means favourable. It would, indeed, be hard to find a more severe and less flattering critic of almost every kind of institution, and of the proceedings of every nation, than Mr. Senior. Voltaire himself was hardly more severe upon the way in which human affairs are managed. This did not arise from general scepticism or from a querulous disposition, but simply from a practical conviction of the fact commemorated by Oxenstiern in his famous address to his son. A keen sense of the stupidity of mankind, and a pertinacious endeavour to reconcile human proceedings to some extent with common sense, are the leading and constant characteristics of this book. Perhaps the best illustration of this is afforded by the first paper, which is entitled "France, America, and Britain." It fills about 140 pages, and consists of a portrait of the three nations in question. The table of contents shows, with remarkable justice, the nature of the portrait. It is as follows:—"FRANCE—her political education—her pride—her vanity—her ambition—her immorality—her boldness—her unfounded fears of attack—her sympathy barren—her want of generosity. AMERICA—her pride—her over-confidence in the future—her vanity—her ill-directed attempts to influence England—her conduct to France—her want of prudence occasioned by her government being in the hands of the uneducated portion of the people—her litigiousness—her want of sympathy—her irritability." England comes off nearly as ill, but not quite, though the table of contents to that part of the article begins—"Her pride—her intolerance occasioned by lurking doubt." The article itself is a long and very able denunciation of the behaviour of each of the three nations in question in all, or nearly all, their external relations for the last thirty or forty years. It is full of information as to passages in modern history which every one knows by name, though few know them accurately, and is almost as unsparring an attack on the wickedness of mankind in their collective capacity as is to be found in modern literature. At the same time, it cannot be called unjust. It is like the summing up of a hanging judge in a very bad case of murder. Both America and France, France in particular, are found guilty upon every count and after any number of previous convictions. England, though most severely reprimanded, is still recommended to mercy, on the ground of one or two redeeming features of character. The same severity is shown in the other practical articles. Those which relate to the Poor Laws and to Strikes are undoubtedly very grim indeed, and give the reader a pleasant sort of feeling that the world in which he lives is inhabited by people most of whom ought to be put into madhouses if there could but be found sane people enough to be keepers. In all this there may be some exaggeration; there may be, and no doubt is, something of the temper of the schoolmaster and the drill-sergeant; but there is an immense deal of truth in it. A clear perception of the degree in which human life as it is falls short even of the very humblest ideal is the first step towards anything approaching to improvement, and faith in the power of proper means to set things to rights is the next. Both of these things Mr. Senior had in abundance. His severity has in it nothing sneering or cynical. He is like a severe teacher, but he really has something to teach, and is thoroughly determined to make his pupil learn it.

This is the good side of the utilitarian school. It really is what it professes to be. It is thoroughly in earnest; it knows well what it wants, and what it does want is highly beneficial to the public. No dogmatic or idealist school has ever, at least in our days, succeeded in doing what Bentham and his disciples and forerunners have done. It is easy to decry their merits and exaggerate their faults, but they have at least done something lasting. Almost every one of the great social reforms which have changed the face of society in the course of the last generation has been not merely organized, but originated, by them. They have done enormous services to society, and probably no

set of thinkers that ever arose in the world have excited less enthusiasm, or received slighter recognition of their services. Their very intellect has been underrated, whilst men have excited the most passionate enthusiasm whose greatest service to the world has consisted in devising new dresses for old sophisms, and inventing eloquent and more or less ingenious excuses for those who wish to get rid at once of their reason and of the responsibilities which it imposes. The causes of this lie on the surface and are not worth repeating, but Mr. Senior's Essays give a good illustration of the extent and value of the services which are thus underrated.

Each Essay in its turn more or less illustrates these observations, and it would be interesting, did space permit, to go through them all. As this is out of the question, we will confine ourselves to some observations which set in a clear light both the practical and the speculative powers of their author's mind.

The subject with which Mr. Senior was most deeply acquainted, and on which he had no doubt bestowed the greatest amount of thought and labour, was the Poor Law, and we know of no book which gives so clear and complete an account of the nature of that strange system, and of the changes which from time to time have been made in it. His contributions towards its reform were the great feat of his life; and though the work, we think, was only half done, he certainly did contribute towards the removal of a set of iniquities as monstrous as any that were to be found in the Statute-book, if, indeed, we except some branches of the old criminal law. We will shortly describe what Mr. Senior and his colleagues did, and point out what they appear to us to have failed to do.

The object of a poor law is threefold—to determine what relief is to be given to poor persons unable to maintain themselves, to determine the place at which it is to be given, and to establish and regulate the arrangements by which its distribution is to be controlled. There have been four separate ways in which these objects have been provided for, more or less efficiently, in the course of the last five hundred years, for the English Poor Law dates as far back as the Statute of Labourers, 23rd Ed. III., A.D. 1349. The object of this and of some subsequent statutes was to fix a maximum of wages, to oblige labourers to accept it when offered, to punish vagrancy with cruel severity, and to confine the impotent poor to the parishes where they were born, there to dwell for life. It seems that they were expected to be supported by voluntary charity. A long series of statutes forbade either change of occupation or wandering in search of work without a license. If fully carried out, these Acts would have reduced the English labouring poor to absolute slavery. This was the first system. By degrees the attempt to regulate wages by statute became obsolete and was given up, and the relief of the destitute became a more prominent object of legislation than the oppression of the able-bodied. The poor were no longer prevented from travelling about to look for work, but the overseers were enabled to remove them if they came to settle, and the maintenance of the impotent was thrown on the rates. This was the second system. The power of the overseers to remove naturally raised the question where they were to remove to; and the answers to this question, in course of time, produced, and indeed constituted, the law of settlement. The charge upon the rates for the maintenance of the impotent was by degrees enlarged, as Mr. Senior well observes, by means of a sort of play upon the word "poor"—which was interpreted to mean, not people unable to work, but people with but little property. A system thus grew up by which labourers were put, as it were, into leading strings, and were systematically pauperised. Wages were paid out of rates.

The labourer belonged to the parish in which he had his legal settlement. There only he could receive allowance; and, generally speaking, there only he could get employment. The law decided what should be his place of settlement; the magistrate, what should be his whole income; the vestry, how much of it should consist of wages, how much of allowance; and the overseer, who should be his master.

This was the third system. It enslaved the labourer, by pampering him and destroying his sense of independence, as effectually as the first system enslaved him by cruel severities.

The fourth system was the one established by the New Poor Law, of which Mr. Senior was one of the principal authors. The essence of it consisted in the establishment of the New Poor Law Board, with power to make general rules and to form unions, and generally to regulate the administration of relief. The Commissioners recommended that the Act should prohibit out-door relief, and, as every one knows, the Commissioners have greatly restricted it, and have succeeded to a very considerable extent in undoing the mischievous results of the old system of indulgence, notwithstanding the intense unpopularity which they have incurred for their exertions at the hands both of the Tories and the Radicals. Of all the reforms of our day none has been so sensible, so useful, or on the whole so successful as this. It must, however, be admitted that there have been considerable defects in modern legislation on this subject. It might, with much advantage, have gone a good deal further. The iniquities of the law of settlement were hardly touched by the New Poor Law; indeed, it is an open question whether, in one or two particulars, they were not aggravated. Under the law as it now stands, hardly any poor man ever gains a settlement at all. Refinements apart, the only ways of gaining a settlement are by renting a 10*l.* house, or by apprenticeship. Apprenticeship does not apply to a labourer, and he never lives in a 10*l.* house; hence he never gains a settlement at all; and though it is true that he

may become irremovable by three years' residence in a Union, even that privilege is lost by a change of residence, and he then has to fall back upon what are called derivative settlements. It would generally be quite as fair to all parties to decide by tossing up what parish should relieve him, as by resorting to a derivative settlement.

Of the speculative Essays, the best and most characteristic is, we think, a review of Sir G. C. Lewis's book on the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion. It illustrates every one of the qualities of its author. It follows the whole book step by step, and expresses an opinion, generally well worth consideration, upon all the various propositions put forward. We do not think, however, that the opinions usually go to the bottom of the subjects discussed by Sir George Lewis, though they were the very topics towards which all Mr. Senior's speculations ought, one would suppose, to have led him. For instance, Sir George Lewis begins by distinguishing between matter of opinion and matter of fact, and Mr. Senior disagrees with him. He observes that each of these expressions is ambiguous. Matter of fact, he says, may mean either "an event or phenomenon, which we know from consciousness" (which is Sir George Lewis's definition), or an inference supported by very strong evidence. Matter of opinion may mean either inference as opposed to perception, or a doubtful inference as opposed to one which is free from doubt. On this ground Mr. Senior proposes to disuse the expressions, "matter of fact," and "matter of opinion," and to divide knowledge into matter of perception and matter of inference, and, as a cross division, into matter of certainty and matter of doubt. We think Mr. Senior failed to see the real difficulty of the question, and therefore failed to see the solution. The difficulty (which was recognised, though perhaps hardly invested with sufficient importance, by Sir G. Lewis) is that inference and perception go on *pari passu*, from the very first impression made on our senses to the very latest results of argument and reflection. The use of the simplest word involves some degree of inference, and perception is the guarantee of the ultimate results of inquiry. Hence every proposition whatever asserts both an opinion and a fact. The proposition, "grass is green," asserts both that grass is green and that the person by whom those words are spoken thinks so. Viewed in their relation to the thing, the words describe and assert a matter of fact. Viewed in their relation to the person who uses them, they describe an opinion. This is not a very important matter, but Mr. Senior's treatment of it strikes us as characteristic. It shows the love which he had for clearness, and also the stiffness and want of subtlety which belonged to his mind.

One of the most curious and characteristic discussions in the whole article relates to the subject of toleration. Mr. Senior insists with extreme eagerness and ardour on the proposition that religious error is very injurious, for which he cites the cruel superstitions which at different times have exercised, and in many parts of the world do still exercise, enormous influence over great populations:—

The nations which have professed Buddhism, Hindooism, and Mahometanism, and the creeds which govern China and Japan, have all, sooner or later, reached a point at which they have been stationary for ages. The only religion which admits of unlimited improvement is Christianity, and the forms of it which we believe to be least infected with error are the most favourable to the diffusion of real civilization.

He agrees with Sir G. Lewis in thinking that persecution may be so conducted as to put down a religion, but he differs with him as to the reasons for which it is expedient not to persecute. Sir G. Lewis thought that the reasons were two—first, that religious error cannot be entirely suppressed by severity, since different nations believe in different religions; and secondly, that there is always much moral sympathy for martyrs. To this Mr. Senior replies, that each government can drive error out of its own bounds, and that the sympathy of the public for offenders is not a reason against punishing them, as is proved by the punishment of rebels and traitors. Of these answers we think that the first is good, but the second is, to say the least of it, very imperfect. The sympathy felt for rebels and traitors does put great difficulties in the way of punishing them, and does diminish immensely the moral effect of their punishment. Nations have been cowed by the punishment of traitors, but we doubt whether any nation was ever made loyal by such spectacles. In regard to religion the same difficulty occurs in a far stronger form. A religion earnestly and passionately believed, especially if it be one which teaches its disciples to expect persecution and opposition as their lot in life, thrives by any persecution which is not mercilessly severe; and it is only under very peculiar circumstances that persecutions of really merciless severity, persecutions that approach the exterminating point, can be carried on. Notwithstanding this, we are inclined to agree with Mr. Senior in the opinion that the deterring effect of rigorous persecution is greater than its stimulating effect. Everything, however, depends upon circumstances. The penal laws in England greatly diminished Roman Catholicism. The same laws in Ireland had no such effect. Probably the reason was, that the Roman Catholics in England were a dispirited and depressed minority whom it was easy to depress still further. In Ireland, on the contrary, they were an oppressed majority who kept each other in countenance. Moreover, the class which was exposed to the action of the penal laws in England was more affected by them than the bulk of the Irish Roman Catholics, who were too poor to feel their full bitterness, as they fell for the most part on property and education.

Mr. Senior's own reason against persecution is that there is no use in persecuting, as you can never be sure as to what is true. "The falsehood of the persecuted doctrine being in general incapable of demonstration, it follows, as a general rule, that persecution is not expedient." The trenchant and plainspoken character of such an argument as this no doubt invests it with great attractions for many persons, and it cannot be denied that there is much truth in it, but we think Mr. Senior attached too much importance to it. It is no doubt a conclusive objection to that sort of persecution which is defended on the plea that it assures, or tends to assure, the eternal salvation of its victims. If people persecute on the ground that to hold certain opinions is a sin for which men will be eternally damned, and that by persecution they are prevented from committing that sin, it is a complete answer to say that it cannot be shown that the holding of those opinions is such a sin. But if people persecute on the ground that certain opinions are injurious to society—and all the instances of the mischief of religious error referred to by Mr. Senior are cases of this kind—it is no answer to say that the falsehood of the injurious creed cannot be demonstrated. In the first place, opinions, by the supposition, are punished, not because they are false, but because they are mischievous; and in the second place, the probability both of their falsehood and also of their mischievous character can be shown in many cases with at least as much cogency as is sufficient to call upon the Legislature to act. Can it be supposed that Congress or Parliament has any doubts as to either the falsehood or the mischief of Mormonism? Yet Mr. Senior would not have persecuted Mormonism.

What, then, is the real reason why religious error ought not to be punished as a general rule? The reason which we should give is like Mr. Senior's, but is different from it. It is not that the falsehood of particular religions is doubtful, but that the freedom of all forms of religious opinion is the only possible guarantee for the attainment of religious truth. This, indeed, applies not only to religion, but to every other subject as well. Numerous forms of social and political opinion are utterly false, intensely mischievous, and capable of being put down by persecution. Why does no one wish to put them down? Not for their own sake, but for the sake of the truth. "Error is but opinion in the making," and this is true as well of religious errors as of errors on other subjects. We cannot understand how, on Mr. Senior's principles, he would have justified the toleration of the old doctrines about the currency. It was undoubtedly a great error to believe that the pound sterling was an abstract measure of value. It was also a very pernicious error. It was, too, an error which might have been put down by persecution. If the Political Economy Club had held an *auto da fe* in Trafalgar Square, and solemnly burnt Mr. Muntz and Sir Archibald Alison on a pile composed of the pamphlets on their side of the question (for we will not suppose, even for the sake of argument, that they would have retracted), sound views of the currency would probably have prevailed; at least the damnable heresy of an inconvertible currency would not have been openly taught. But then no one would have believed in the truth of the views of the Bullion Committee. You tolerate error because, by doing so, you guarantee truth.

This, however, is only one reason for toleration. Another is that the criminal law is a great moral agent. Crimes almost always are, or ought to be, condemned, not only by law, but by morals; and when it is necessary, as in some cases of political offences, to punish acts not morally wrong, it is a great misfortune. Now, by not punishing error in religious or political teaching, the Legislature abstains from saying that such error is morally wrong, and this, under the circumstances, is nearly equivalent to asserting that it is morally innocent. It is one great step towards the assertion and recognition of the great general principle that honest error is no sin—that it is only a mistake and misfortune. To get this notion well into the minds of the world at large, to have it not merely admitted but realized and continually acted upon, is not merely of the highest importance in itself, but is also a more powerful guarantee for the attainment of truth than any other which can possibly be offered.

Of these two arguments, the first applies to all mankind. You can tell every one whose religion does not directly enjoin persecution that persecution renders truth itself suspicious. The second argument is directly opposed to all creeds which attach merit to the maintenance of particular opinions; and one of its great advantages is, that its gradual growth and acceptance in the world is a deadly blow to the bigotry and inhumanity to which such creeds are irrevocably committed by their very essence and constitution.

UN PRÊTRE MARIÉ.

WHEN Eugénie de Guérin visited Paris on the occasion of her brother's marriage, she made the acquaintance of M. Barbey d'Aurevilly, one of her brother's most intimate friends, and he is said to have exercised an irresistibly attractive influence over her. "There was a strange incongruity, it must be confessed," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "in the fact of this pure and innocent spirit, this dove of Cayla, on first quitting her solitudes, being introduced to Paris and the world of letters by such a prize specimen of a clever man, such a firework bouquet." The contrast between the character of Eugénie de Guérin and that of a smart professional writer was

• *Un Prêtre Marié.* Par Jules Barbey d'Aurevilly. Paris: Achille Faure. 1865.

not stranger or more striking than is the contrast between the calm simplicity of real art and the violent deformity of M. d'Aureville's imitation of it. The last of his stories is unusually characteristic, and, if it were no more, would scarcely be worth noticing. But, in face of the talk, which is accidentally fashionable at present, about the superiority in intelligence and literary good taste of third or fourth-rate French writers over writers of a corresponding rank in this country, such a romance as *Un Prêtre Marié* becomes the object of just interest. And as it happens, moreover, the romance in question is an excellent example of one or two prevalent and peculiar tastes in contemporary French literature.

A married priest is naturally an abomination to all devout Roman Catholics. In a layman, chastity is one of the dead virtues, but a priest who has infringed its law, even with what in another man's case would be the sanctification of marriage, has committed an unpardonable outrage upon God and the Church. But the very depth of the outrage is sufficient guarantee that nobody is likely to perpetrate it without a proportionately deep feeling in some contrary direction. Few men venture to defy a specific religious prejudice of society, except from conviction. Anybody can live a life of general immorality, or can exhibit a general disregard of the ordinances of popular religion; but deliberately to take a stand upon some single article in the accepted creed, and outrage all outside feeling upon it, implies a character with exceptional strength of belief or disbelief. A priest who could forget the traditions in which he had been brought up, could throw aside all reverence for religion and popular sentiment, and, finally, could marry and turn into a solemn atheist, must be a very remarkable person. It is a common calumny against the physical sciences that a too ardent pursuit of them generates religious unbelief. At all events, however, if a man had been made an atheist by too much chemistry, he would not be a chattering or a melodramatic atheist. He would feel profoundly enough to abstain from making any theatrical display of his opinions. M. d'Aureville is a sufficiently good Catholic to detest a priest who had unfrocked himself by marriage and atheism, but the fervour of his Catholicism interferes with his perceptions as an artist. He cannot see that the disinterested defiance of universal opinion is an element of character capable of the grandest treatment. Faust would have appeared to him simply a very bad and impious man, whom the poet or the novelist should hold up to contempt or execration. The priest who studies chemistry till he is an atheist, then marries in order to discover chemical or physiological secrets, and then, in order to please his daughter, who is a *dévote*, pretends to turn back again to the religion he had abandoned, and which really he despises more than ever, is probably a bad kind of man, but his badness is of a sort considerably different from that of the pettifogger or the drunkard. M. d'Aureville does not seem to admit this, for his renegade Abbé Sombrevail is but a poor demon after all. As on the old stage it was usual to affix a written notice that this was a castle or that a church, there are modern novelists who tell us various things about their characters which we are always forced to take on trust. M. d'Aureville tries to let us know that his abbé was a man of fearless impiety, of unflinching materialism. But we have only his word for it. The thin varnish of the impious speeches occasionally put into the man's mouth does not make a character. It does not even disguise, notwithstanding the writer's arduous efforts, the fact that Sombrevail is in reality no more than a strong-limbed, strong-willed Norman peasant. If science had made a man an atheist, it would doubtless have made him a good many other things as well. He would be pretty sure, in the first place, not to be always talking of his religious peculiarity at all sorts of unreasonable times and unsuitable places. And if he had had such a contempt for public opinion, in comparison with his value for the truth, as to brave the social penalties of a profession of atheism, he would not be at all likely to undertake a painful course of lying and imposture even to remove a baseless imputation of the most hateful of crimes from his daughter and himself. But all this only shows that M. d'Aureville has attempted a subject that was a great deal beyond his powers, and has failed. And the manner of his failure is equally indicative of lack of power. The author who is exceptionally weak eagerly attempts to appear strong by resorting to all manner of forced and violent devices. The details with which M. d'Aureville has surrounded his atheistical demon are much more striking than the demon himself.

A father suffering from atheism is the natural progenitor of a daughter suffering from profound nervous disorder. There is a kind of retribution in this. It is more difficult to understand why the reader—who has, in that capacity at least, done no wrong—should have inflicted upon him a heroine who is constantly having a fit, or a crisis, or a prolonged trance. The passion of a second-rate French novelist for an invalid young lady is just one of those sentiments which an Englishman is least able to comprehend. If her disorder is inscrutable in its origin and rather sickly in its phenomena, the fervour with which the writer delights to elaborate every detail is that of the enthusiastic surgeon. The daughter of the Abbé Sombrevail is intended by the author to excite in us the gentlest pity. He plainly thinks her a creature of tragic tenderness and holiness in the midst of misery and anguish which might move the most stony-hearted. As a matter of fact, the reader is moved by her sorrows much as he might be by those of an albino or a cretin. Catalepsy entitles the sufferer to the commiseration of the beholders, but this is in no way the sort of pity which it is the business of the story-teller to excite. Helpless physical suffering, whether seen with our bodily eyes or reaching

us through a narrative, only distresses or sometimes even disgusts and wearies us, and a novelist has no right to travel into the domain of the clinical lecturer or the descriptive pathologist. The abbé's daughter has a transparent skin, and a complexion as white or colourless as marble; her forehead was marked from birth with a cross between the eyebrows; and the least agitation sends her into a deep trance. This is pretty nearly all we can realize about her; of her true character we scarcely get a glimpse. All her mental qualities are effectually concealed under the perpetual physical *névrose*. The notion that a heroine, to be interesting or attractive, must be diseased is exclusively French. A weak three-volume novel in our own country is a terrible production, but the weakest of them is not made hateful by so preposterous a misconception of pathos. It almost seems incredible that a novelist should not only kill his cataleptic heroine with lock-jaw, but should minutely describe all the symptoms. Yet the death-bed of the priest's daughter is painted at merciless length, and the clenching of the teeth, the arching of the spine, and all the rest of the horrors of tetanus, are expatiated upon with the precision of a professional report. A more disgusting confusion of violence with strength it would fortunately be very hard to find.

The lover is not less outrageously unnatural. Just as his mistress is a creature taken out of a hospital, he is apparently drawn from some bad case in a lunatic asylum. The *névrose* of the former is not at all more tedious than the wild insanity of the latter. A man whose favourite hero is Charles XII. of Sweden, and whose whole mind is bent upon imitating his hero, is not very likely to be an agreeable personage in the transactions of private life. In order to make his cataleptic mistress love him, the youthful hero harnesses two fiery colts to a britzka, scourges them until they are mad with rage, and then drives them at the speed of lightning against a flight of stone steps in the face of his adored. The abbé attempts to stop him, but the devoted youth cried, "Out of the way, M. Sombrevail! She shall love me!" and Sombrevail, "aussi sublime que le magnanime enfant, s'écarta." The horses had their entrails torn out by the sharp corners of the granite steps, the carriage was broken into splinters, and the magnanimous infant was lamed for life. Only a French word can characterize the concoction of such an incident as this—it is unspeakably *bête*. On another occasion, when the heroine positively declares that she cannot marry him, the vein in his forehead becomes frightfully distended and blackened, and, having a wine-glass in his hand, with indescribable ferocity he bit into the frail crystal, "qui grinça et éclata sous ses dents courtes—bruit et spectacle affreux!" But dashing himself and his horses against granite steps and biting wine-glasses are not the worst of the heroic Néel's extravagances. When the corpse of Calixte is shown to him, Néel will not believe that she is really dead, so he heats a poker red hot, and with insane rage burns it into her feet. The author gloats over all the details of the process with as much zest as he had shown in describing the manner of a death by tetanus. "Une fumée monta avec un bruit navrant." "Le feu rongea les beaux pieds insensibles, comme il aurait rongé une chair de fleur." "Ces pauvres pieds, brûlés et saignants!" And so on, to the end of the detestable scene. Even when the poor wretch is finally laid in her grave, she is not allowed to rest in peace. Her father, who had been absent at the time of her death, rushes to the churchyard, stained with blood and dust, and shrieking out frantic exclamations. Then, falling on his knees, he thrusts his powerful hands into the freshly-placed earth over her grave, and digging his nails into the ground scatters the earth all around him in enormous handfuls. But this was not rapid enough to satisfy him. "Like a dog at a hole, he began to bite with his teeth that hostile earth which lay between him and his child."

It is not necessary to pursue this remarkable history any further. But one of M. d'Aureville's similes is too exquisitely delicate and graceful to be passed over. "How many times," he says, "did the abbé press his daughter to his heart with unspeakable agony, like a wounded man whose bowels were gushing out, and who would fain keep them back with his hand!" So elegant a simile is worthy of a land where an Academy rules over taste, and is a *maitrise en fait de bon ton*. In the same connexion the language of one of M. d'Aureville's critics is rather notable. Speaking of the abbé's daughter, he says it is all very fine and sentimental to talk about her *névrose*, but in plain words she was just "bonnement scrofuleuse." Can Frenchmen and their admirers continue to denounce the *brutalité des journaux anglais*?

RAINE'S PRIORY OF HEXHAM.*

WE are sorry to say a word against any Surtees book, most of all against one edited by so praiseworthy an antiquary as Mr. Raine, but we cannot look upon the present volume as judiciously put together. It is a confusion between two very different things, each useful in its way, but which had better be kept distinct from one another—namely, an annotated edition of the Hexham chronicles, and a history of Hexham by Mr. Raine himself. Mr. Raine's so-called Preface is really a history of Hexham

* *The Priory of Hexham, its Chronicles, Endowments, and Annals*. Vol. I. Published for the [Surtees] Society by Andrews & Co., Durham. London: Whittaker & Co. 1864.

Priory, which would have been much better if it had not been divided into two parts, "The Annals of Hexham" and "The Priors of Hexham." One hundred and eighty-two pages make a long Preface, when no such necessity is laid on the editor as that under which the Master of the Rolls' editors are made to suffer. A Surtees editor may add notes, and Mr. Raine has certainly availed himself of the privilege to the fullest extent. He therefore has not the excuse that he must say all that he has to say in his Preface or else not say it at all. Against the Annals of Hexham, as Annals of Hexham, we have nothing to say. Our only objection is that they help to make the arrangement of the book somewhat confused. First, we have the Annals, then the Priors, making, as we said, a Preface with a separate numbering of 182 pages; then the Chronicles, which are, we suppose, to be looked upon as the book itself, of 220 pages; lastly, an Appendix of 168 pages, with a separate numbering, consisting of "Illustrative Documents" and scraps about Hexham from all kinds of places. There is surely something disorderly in all this. Then Mr. Raine's way of treating his chroniclers reminds us of a criticism which we once saw on some editor whose books, being all foot-notes, were called "a very podagra of literature." The object of notes is simply to explain and illustrate the text; but Mr. Raine thinks it necessary to pour forth all that he knows about the subject of the text, and, as he is a man of real learning, this outpouring is by no means small. He drags in everything that he can find which has the remotest connexion with any person or place mentioned by his authors; he writes too in a strange diffuse way, and he has an odd fancy for quoting poets of all kinds, from Horace to Thomas Moore. We were really a little taken aback at finding the well-known song about St. Senanus quoted by a solemn editor of a monastic chronicler. We fancy that this over-abundance of notes is rather characteristic of the Surtees books; but in other cases, both the matter and the illustrations being mainly local, one judges them by a somewhat different standard. But some at least of these Hexham Chronicles are really pieces of English history, and should be dealt with accordingly. The reign of Stephen and the Battle of the Standard are national and not local property, and we expect Prior Richard and Prior John to be edited just as Florence of Worcester or Matthew Paris should be edited. And surely, after all, Mr. Raine outdoes his brethren; at least we do not remember that Mr. Walbran, in editing the Chronicles of Fountains, ever quoted Thomas Moore.

Hexham is an ancient town, and a place that bears several names; or rather it has two distinct names, both of which are spelled several ways. The modern Hexham is a contraction of Hextoldesham, which begins to appear in the fourteenth century. But the older name is Halgustad; so at least Mr. Raine writes it, but the termination has a strangely High-Dutch and un-English look, and in two manuscripts of the Chronicle the forms are Agustald and Hagustaldes-ea. According to Mr. Raine, both names come from neighbouring brooks, Hextold and Halgut or Hallgarth. Latinizing writers seem to have fancied the name had something to do with Augustus, for, besides Hagustaldia, we find Augustaldia and Augustandium. Simeon's form, Hehstaldes-ige, seems to be the oldest shape of Hextoldesham. Near the place St. Oswald won in 634 the great battle of Heavenfield over the Welsh Ceadwalla, the last of his nation who really threatened the English dominion in Britain. Later in the century the place was given to the famous Wilfrith, who built one of his churches there. The descriptions given of this building when it was still standing are alone enough to confute the notion that carved capitals and other elaborate work were unknown till the twelfth century. If any one chooses to argue that, as Wilfrith built immediately after Roman models, his work would probably be better than purely native works two or three centuries later, that is altogether another doctrine, and is one that has much to be said for it. But Wilfrith's church is thus described by Prior Richard in the twelfth century, when, as Mr. Raine shows, it was still standing:—

Parietes autem quadratis, et variis, et bene politis columnis suffultos, et tribus tabulatis distinctos, immense longitudinis et altitudinis, erexit. Ipsos etiam, et capitella columnarum quibus sustentantur, et arcum sanctuarii, hystoriis, et ymaginibus, et variis celaturarum figuris ex lapide prominentibus, et picturatum, et colorum grata varietate mirabilique decore decoravit.

Hexham now becomes the seat of a Bishopric, and as such is mixed up with the restless career of its founder Wilfrith, and with the more peaceful John of Beverley. About 820 it ceased to have Bishops of its own; it was plundered and almost destroyed in the Danish invasion, but it afterwards reappears as a possession of the see of Chester-le-Street or Durham. After the Norman Conquest it took its final shape of a Priory of Austin Canons in close connexion with the see of York, the Archbishops being temporal as well as spiritual lords of Hexhamshire. In the Scottish wars of the twelfth century, the host of David on its way to the battle of the Standard spared Hexham, but a hundred and fifty years later the monastery suffered fearfully at the hands of the Scots under William Wallace. It is generally believed that the nave of the priory church was destroyed then, and has never been rebuilt. It should, however, be mentioned that William Wallace spared the persons of the Canons themselves, and protected them from his soldiers, which he was only enabled to do by keeping them close to himself. This solitary example of mercy on the part of the great devastator, as being recorded by the best English chroniclers, is perfectly trustworthy and should not be forgotten.

Mr. Raine goes on with the history of Hexham at length, but after the great Scottish inroad, from which the house seems never to have thoroughly recovered, there is nothing so remarkable about it as the last days of its existence. Hexham Priory was somewhat unfairly brought under the Act for the suppression of the lesser monasteries in 1536, as its income was more, though only a little more, than 200*l.* a year. If the Canons were to be believed, they got a distinct confirmation from the King. Nevertheless the suppression was decreed. The armed resistance which the King's Commissioners met with is described at length by Mr. Raine from contemporary documents. This local insurrection, if we may call it so—for it was really an attempt to hinder a barefaced burglary—was gradually merged in the greater Pilgrimage of Grace. Mr. Froude leaves out the actual scene at Hexham, though he describes with his usual glee the bloody vengeance of Henry. The whole story, as told by Mr. Raine, and especially the clever rascality of one John Heron of Chipchase, is well worth reading. Mr. Raine has also printed a great number of documents illustrating the fall of the Priory.

The principal chronicles which Mr. Raine has here edited have both been already printed in Twyden's *Decem Scriptores*. These are the works of two Priors—Richard, who was Prior from 1141 to 1160, and John, who appears to have succeeded Richard, and who had ceased to be Prior before 1209. Richard wrote two works, one *De Gestis Regis Stephani et de Bello Standardii*, and a *History of the Church of Hexham*. According to Mr. Raine, the secular book was the work of his youth, and the ecclesiastical one the work of his old age. The Acts of King Stephen form a real piece of contemporary history, by a writer who had every means of good information. According to Mr. Raine, Prior Richard's work formed the groundwork of the better-known account of the battle by Æthelred of Rievaulx. It is worth noticing how strong is the national line drawn between the English and the Scots, and how little sign there is, not eighty years after the Conquest, of any ill blood between Normans and Englishmen in England. The army is "exercitus Anglorum," and they fight under leaders of Norman descent with as distinct a patriotic spirit as if Harold or Hereward had been at their head. Men with names which we are apt to look on as Scotch—names like Bruce and Balliol—appear as holding lands in both countries, but as distinctly English in feeling. On the other hand, men of old Northumbrian blood, the kinsmen of the old Earls of the land, pass for Scottish freebooters. Nevertheless, Prior Richard was quite able to make ethnological distinctions when it so pleased him. He knew perfectly well that in the Scottish army were men both of Norman and of English descent, and he thus describes David's motley host:—

Coadunatus autem erat iste nefandus exercitus de Normannis, Germanis, Anglis, de Northymbranis, et Cumbria, de Tesvetadala, de Lodonea, de Pictis, qui vulgo Galleweines dicuntur, et Scottis; nec erat eorum numerum scire.

Elsewhere they are "Angli, et Scotti, et Picti, et cæteri barbari."

The Chronicle of Prior John is professedly a continuation of Simeon of Durham from 1130 to 1153. This is followed by an account of the saints of Hexham by Æthelred of Rievaulx. This has been printed by Mabillon, but it does not appear in any English collection. It is curious, because it was evidently written as a legend to be read in the church of Hexham. The author therefore, though not a Hexham man, writes in the character of a Hexham man, and thus tells of the Hexham saints:—

Præsentis diei veneranda festivitas, fratres karissimi, tanto a nobis est suscipienda devotius, et festivius celebranda, quanto in ea specialius consolatio nostra, spes nostra, nostra insuper gloria commendatur. Nostra namque, nostra specialiter est ista festivitas, qui in his sacratissimis locis sub eorum patrocinio vivimus, quorum honori dei hujus gaudia dedicavimus.

It strikes us in one or two places that Mr. Raine is rather inclined to take liberties with his manuscripts. If his author, or even his transcriber, was so poor a scholar as to make the perfect of "abducere" "abducavit," we do not see that an editor has any right to correct it into "abdurit." And what can Mr. Raine mean, when he comes to the words (p. 151)

Scriptis vero adversus eum Bernardus abbas Claravallis, cui Apostolicus quasi peccatum Arriolandi reputavit repugnare, et quasi scelus idolatriæ nolle acquiescere,

by adding in a note that "Arriolandi" means "becoming an Arian"? "Arriolari," "ariolari," "pariolari," however we like to spell it, has nothing whatever to do with Ariana or anything of the sort, but only with wizards and warlocks. One would have thought the allusion to a familiar passage in the first book of Samuel was perfectly plain. "For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry." The "sin of witchcraft" is no other than the "peccatum arriolandi" of Prior John.

We have not the least wish to undervalue the real research and labour shown by Mr. Raine in this as in all his works; but this time he has certainly overdone it. At least one more volume is to come; it is to contain an architectural description of the buildings at Hexham. We know not what else may be coupled with this, but we cannot help fancying that a better arrangement might either have got all the Hexham matter into a single volume, or at any rate that the revised chronicles might have appeared in one volume, and all that Mr. Raine has to tell us in his own person, architectural or historical, in another.

ROBINSON'S PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE HOLY LAND.*

THIS book is but a fragment, but it is a fragment which could have been ill spared. Every one who has paid any attention to the history, geography, or archaeology of the Holy Land knows the value of Dr. Robinson's "Researches." Even those who most dislike the free inquiry which the American theologian was the first to apply to the question of the sacred sites will admire his courage and honesty and love of truth; and none will dispute his ability, and his thorough devotion to his subject. It appears from the preface to the present volume, which bears the initials of his wife or his daughter, that Dr. Robinson contemplated writing a systematic treatise on the Physical and Historical Geography of the Holy Land, from the time of his first journey to the East. His two series of Researches were the chronicled results of his several journeys, but he hoped to work up his materials over again in the shape of a formal treatise. He never lived to finish his task. What he left behind him—which was, however, complete so far as it went—was only the first portion of the Physical Geography of Palestine proper. The historical and topographical descriptions of the same district were never written; and the editor decided, perhaps wisely, to withhold from the public whatever sketches or notes pertaining to those portions of the projected work were found among Dr. Robinson's papers. The treatise, however, which is now given to the world will be not only useful, but indispensable, to the Biblical student. Curiously different from the popular volume on the same subject by the Dean of Westminster, inasmuch as it makes no pretension to eloquence or sentiment, it is far more valuable as being the work of a more accurate and painstaking observer. But it lacks two most important accessories. The maps which accompanied the author's "Later Biblical Researches" ought to have been reproduced for this volume; and, above all, a careful verbal index ought to have been provided. As the book is emphatically one of reference, the absence of an index is a fatal defect. We earnestly recommend that the want should be supplied as soon as possible.

The plan of the treatise is very methodical. After a brief introductory description of the Holy Land, the work divides itself into four chapters. The first discusses the general surface features of the country, under the heads of hills, valleys, and plains. The second chapter describes the waters of Palestine; its rivers, its lakes, its fountains, and its artificial cisterns and reservoirs. The third chapter embraces the heads of the climate, the seasons, the temperature, the winds, and general atmospheric conditions of the district; and the concluding chapter describes summarily the geological features. Dr. Robinson brings very vividly before his readers the extremely narrow limits of the Holy Land, properly so called. He calculates its greatest length from north to south as 136 geographical, or 158 English, miles, and its greatest breadth as between 85 and 90 English miles. The whole area, therefore, extends to about 12,000 geographical miles, equal (we are told) "to the area of the two States of Massachusetts and Connecticut together." Speaking broadly, this district is divided, physically, into four long parallel tracts or strips of country, two of them low and two elevated. There is, first, the low, narrow Phœnician plain along the sea-coast; next, the mountains and hill-country between that plain and the Jordan; then the Arabah, or the valley of the Jordan itself (depressed in great part below the level of the Mediterranean); and, finally, the hill-country east of the Jordan. We can promise the reader a novel pleasure in reading our author's very lucid description of these several districts. It is astonishing how much new and striking interest will be found to be given to many familiar Biblical scenes when the physical geography of the theatre on which they were enacted is brought vividly home to the imagination. Conversely, the genuineness and veracity of the Scriptural narrative will be seen to be confirmed by many undesigned particulars when tested by the local circumstances which Dr. Robinson has observed and recorded.

Upon the whole, we consider the chapter which describes the great valley of the Jordan, with its upper and lower lakes, the most interesting one in the book before us. We had marked several passages for quotation, but it is difficult to choose among extracts which are of equal value. Dr. Robinson remarks, under the head of "the Loneliness of the Jordan," that there never has been a city, town, or village of any note situated on the immediate banks of that river below the Lake of Tiberias. Jericho, and all the other known cities, were situated on the higher ground near the mountains bordering the Jordan valley on each side. "In like manner," we read, "it does not appear that a boat ever floated on the waters of the Jordan until the present century. Navigation, of course, was impossible, from the strong current and violent rapids. But even for the passage of the river, boats do not seem to have been in use; the stream was everywhere forded. The English Version once mentions a 'ferry-boat' (2 Sam. xix. 18), but this was evidently nothing more than a raft 'to carry over the King's household,' and was not used by the King or by his attendants." Toilsome as was the journey across the valley—as, for instance, from Jerusalem to Heeshbon, involving a descent of 4,000 feet on one side and an equal ascent on the other—it is, after all, the passage of the Jordan itself which is always spoken of as the main point of difficulty. The river, indeed, is so deep that animals must swim, and men wade breast-high. In the First

Book of the Maccabees it is mentioned that Judas Maccabæus and his army swam the river, nearly opposite to Jericho, in their flight from Bacchides.

The several descents of the Jordan, by exploring expeditions in boats, during the present century, are succinctly described. Mr. Costigan, an Irish traveller, was the first to accomplish this feat in July, 1835. Having reached the Dead Sea, he launched forth on its waters, accompanied by a single servant, a Maltese. They had managed so badly that their fresh water ran short, and they reached the shore with difficulty, after some days' exposure to the burning sun. The servant managed to crawl to Jericho, and Mr. Costigan, having at last been brought to Jerusalem, died of fever, leaving no notes or papers behind him. Next, in 1847, Lieutenant Molyneux, of the British Navy, descended the Jordan, from the Lake of Tiberias, in the smallest of the boats belonging to his ship, the *Spartan*. From August 24 to September 5, he explored the Red Sea, taking many soundings and observations. "But the anxiety and excessive fatigue to which he had been exposed, in the 'misty oven' (as he calls it) of the Ghôr and Dead Sea, had worn him out; and he died soon after his return to his ship, from the combined effects of climate and over-exertion." In the following year, 1848, a well-equipped expedition from the United States, under the command of Lieutenant Lynch, embarked in two metallic boats from the Lake of Tiberias, accompanied by a land party on camels and horses. The results of this expedition have been published, and are of deep interest. The company suffered greatly from exposure and exhaustion, and Lieutenant Dale, the second in command, died in consequence at Beyrout.

The Dead Sea forms the subject of a separate section. Dr. Robinson declares that the deep position and physical phenomena of this lake render it by far the most remarkable body of water in the world. He shows, not only that it has no outlet to the south, but that it never had any. It keeps its level solely by strong evaporation. It is curious that there is no allusion whatever to it in the New Testament. Its breadth is quite uniform, as it fills the whole valley between two directly parallel ranges of stern, naked, and desolate mountains. This breadth is between nine and ten geographical miles, the total length being forty geographical miles. Lieutenant Lynch's soundings gave 180 fathoms, or 1,080 feet, as the average depth of the northern part of the sea; and in one part the plummet reached 1,308 feet. There seems to be no doubt that the level of the lake differs much from year to year. The depression of its surface below the level of the Mediterranean is, curiously enough, almost exactly the same number of feet as the depth of its waters—namely, 1,316. Dr. Robinson declares that this extraordinary depression was never even suspected by travellers until the year 1837. After describing the results of various analyses of the waters of the Dead Sea, showing its extreme saltiness, Dr. Robinson continues:—

The effect of the great specific gravity is seen in the usual placidity of the sea, and the weight and force of the waves during high winds. The ordinary breezes of summer occasion scarcely a ripple on the surface, while high winds and tempests excite angry and ponderous billows. When the boats of Lynch entered the Dead Sea from the Jordan, a fresh north-east wind was blowing, which increased to a gale. This raised a heavy sea, in which the boats laboured exceedingly; and the dense waves dashed upon the bows of the boats like sledge-hammers. The spray was painful to the eyes and skin; and, evaporating as it fell, left a crust of salt upon the faces, hands, and clothing. All at once the wind ceased, and the sea fell with equal rapidity; in twenty minutes the heavy waters had settled down into a placid surface.

The discussion of the catastrophe of Sodom and the cities of the Plain is one of unusual interest and importance. The old, and very plausible, notion was that the Jordan originally flowed through a continuous valley into the Red Sea at Akabah. But the discovery of the enormous depression, not only of the Dead Sea itself, but of the whole of the Jordan valley, and the still more important observation (for the depression might have been caused by volcanic action or earthquake) that the watercourses of the desert mountains near Akabah all run northwards towards the Dead Sea, and not southwards towards the Red Sea, seem to show conclusively that this configuration is not due to any local circumstances, but is coeval with the present condition of the earth's surface. Dr. Robinson's conclusion is that the southern part of the existing Dead Sea (which is on the average 12 or 13 feet deep, and near its margin so shallow that Lynch's boats, drawing only six inches, could not get nearer than half-a-mile from the shore) covers the doomed cities. There are existing proofs of the ancient exuberant fertility of this well-watered district, and the bitumen which is occasionally found floating on the surface of the waters seems to come from this part of the lake. It is not necessary to pursue the subject further. We have given quite enough specimens of the valuable matter contained in this posthumous volume. While we deeply regret the death of the accomplished author, we may congratulate ourselves on the possession of an invaluable manual of the physical geography of that part of the Holy Land which is most important for the understanding of the Old Testament, and which is profoundly sacred to every Christian man as the theatre of our Saviour's life and death. Into the disputed questions of the sacred sites of Palestine in general, and of Jerusalem in particular, the present volume does not enter.

* *Physical Geography of the Holy Land.* By Edward Robinson, D.D., Author of "Researches in Palestine." London: John Murray. 1865.

THE HISTORY OF CARDS.*

THE popular theory of the origin of cards is that they were invented to amuse Charles VI., the imbecile King of France, at the end of the fourteenth century. The theory itself is due to a French priest, who about a hundred and fifty years ago discovered an item of an account of the Royal Treasurer, recording the amount paid to Gringonneur, a painter, "for three packs of cards in gold and colours of divers devices, to present to the said lord the king for his entertainment." It must be admitted that, to any investigator less recklessly superficial than a French historical writer of the eighteenth century, this passage almost supplies a proof that cards were not invented to amuse Charles VI. The way in which the royal treasurer mentions the "trois jeux de cartes" is at least as satisfactory evidence that cards had been introduced into France before they could be so familiarly referred to, as that they were the result of Gringonneur's ingenious originality. However, we believe that even the popular theory only accepted Menestrier's conclusion with some modification, and that there was a vague general impression among whist-players and others that by some means cards had been sent into France by the strange nation who appear to have invented everything, from tea up to competitive examinations. But it is evident that the Chinese have no more claim to this wonderful invention, which has made life tolerable to so many millions of old ladies and old gentlemen, than have the French. The emblems of the cards now in use are unquestionably of French origin, and the same may be said of most of the principal games. The cards which were first introduced into Europe, and the purpose which they served, were both widely different from anything with which we are now familiar. The original cards from which French skill has developed the modern pack were mystic emblems of the will of fate or fortune, and their use was, not to furnish diversion, but to supply oracular responses. The opinion that cards, like chess, originally came from the East, has been long held in France, and it is to French scholars that we are almost entirely indebted for evidence of the soundness of this view. The volume before us is merely a confused and clumsily arranged list of the arguments which have been adduced in favour of the Oriental origin of playing-cards, and the rest of the work is made up of all sorts of incongruous stuff which has nothing whatever to do with the history. It contains excellent material for a readable account of all that is known about cards; and possibly, if the late editor had survived to complete his task, he would have turned his erudition to better use. But, as it is, the arrangement is as uninviting as it could well be, and the device of adding a hodge-podge of anecdotes about the card-players of the last century and the card-sharps of the present, is particularly objectionable. The taste for combining antiquarianism with Joe Miller cannot be too earnestly protested against. The material for the first half of the volume has been compiled with great industry and research, and it is really too bad to append to it the accumulations of some Cockney humourist of the weakest stamp. What business has the Garcia and Calzado affair to appear at length in a grave history of playing-cards? "Garcia," we are told, "is not likely to return to Paris, it is thought, for some time, as the air of the French metropolis disagrees with his sensitive constitution." "M. Calzado," again, "remains in 'durance vile,' though he has been kindly permitted to pass a portion of his sentence in a *maison de santé*, which it is to be hoped for his own comfort is better managed than Mr. Charles Reade is at present depicting the private asylums of our own land, and for the reformation of which we trust the public will lend him a hand." We do not know whether to be more amazed at the slovenliness of the writing, or at the strange incongruity of intruding Mr. Charles Reade's views on private asylums into a history of playing-cards. The brilliant humour of the sentence we have already quoted about Garcia is obvious, and such elegances as that "Calzado had done a thing or two in his lifetime," and that he "went in a buster, as the knowing ones say," require no comment. The person who succeeded the late Mr. Taylor in making the book was no doubt of opinion that the funny style was necessary to compensate for the heavy learning of his predecessor. There is, unluckily, a certain kind of light writing which is infinitely more intolerable than the dreariest erudition.

The exact route by which cards were introduced into Europe is a matter of apparently interminable uncertainty, just as the track of the Gipsies into Europe is involved in a mystery which no investigations can penetrate. All we know is, that tarots, or the most ancient kind of cards, made their appearance simultaneously with the Gipsies about the end of the thirteenth century. Philological inquiries, originally begun by Grellmann, have led to the belief that the Gipsies are the descendants of a remote tribe of Hindoo pariahs who were driven from the East, and have since spread themselves over all the countries of Europe. As the Gipsy dialect contains unmistakable signs of affinity with the dialects of India, so the tarots themselves are not without internal evidence of having been devised under the influence of Oriental ideas. The names of the tarots, as used by the moderns who preserve them, the emblems betokened by some of the figures, and their combinations of the sacred number seven, are all signs of Asiatic origin. M. Abel de Rémusat, on the authority of Chinese manuscripts, affirms that the Chinese were acquainted with the use of cards in

the early part of the twelfth century; but there are reasons for supposing that they only borrowed an Indian invention. In any case, if this fact be true, it confirms the belief that the tarots—still to be met with in Switzerland and Germany, and of which the modern playing-card is a development chiefly due to the ingenuity of the French—originally came from the East. This being granted, there is no theory so probable as that it was the Gipsies, the great tribe of professional fortune-tellers, who first introduced into Europe what were originally no more than instruments of divination. To what country the Gipsies soonest communicated the use of tarots is a matter of eager dispute. Erudite Italians, Spaniards, and Germans get as excited in claiming the highest antiquity for the cards of their respective countries as less learned folks do in vindicating the propriety of a certain lead at whist. So far as any satisfactory theory can be extracted from the kind of proof which is all we have to depend upon, Spain would seem to have the best title. Apart from the general evidence that Spain was most early and most closely connected with an Eastern population, there are two special arguments. Ombre, the national game, resembles the ancient tarot more nearly than any other modern game; and still more important is the fact that the numeral cards of the Indian game have no queens, while no queens are to be found in the Spanish pack. This is no very cogent kind of argument, it is true, but the case admits of nothing more forcible, and the question is not one of supreme interest after all. For whether Italians or Spaniards were the first European nation who played cards, it was the French who made the cards of the modern player.

The first improvement made by the French upon the old tarot was the introduction of the queen. Then wood engraving was invented, and the expensive miniatures which formed the pack of the time of Charles VI. were superseded by cards capable of cheap and rapid manufacture. In the time of Charles VII.—or, speaking roughly, about the middle of the fifteenth century—cards were in existence with the now familiar marks of *cœur*, *carreau* (diamond), *pique* (spade), and *trèfle* (club), and to the same date must be referred the invention of piquet. The mythological tarot gradually disappeared before the ingenious simplicity of the new card, and is now in use only among cartomanciers and the peasants of the most secluded spots in Europe. How the requisite modifications in the old tarots were brought about, how or by whom piquet was invented, what is the interpretation of the allegories embodied in the figures of the modern pack, are questions which it is difficult or impossible to answer. The French at a very early period conferred names on the figured cards, and these names still survive in France, though no other country has adopted them. The king, queen, and knave of hearts are respectively called Charlemagne, Judith, and Lahire; of diamonds, Cæsar, Rachel, and Hector; of clubs, Alexander, Argine, and Lancelot; and of spades, David, Pallas, and Ogier. Various explanations of this nomenclature have been attempted, but they are all equally chimerical. Père Daniel, among others, composed an elaborate theory of the game of piquet, which, in his opinion, is a figurative representation of the French monarchy under Charles VII. The value of his speculations may be conjectured when he says that "there is a great apparent probability that this game of piquet was originally enacted at some *carrousel* or *masquerade*, in four companies or quadrilles, according to the four ensigns of *piques*, *carreaux*, *cœurs*, and *trèfles*; and although I can adduce no fact in history, a science which hardly descends to details, by which I could substantiate this hypothesis, I shall still avail myself of the idea, in order to state the plan of this game." Hypotheses which hardly descend to details are less in favour now than they were in Daniel's time, and not even for lack of any other is it worth while to accept or state his theory of piquet. It is difficult, in our present condition of familiarity with the French piquet cards, to realize the endless modifications of the original tarot of which these cards were only one. The volume before us contains a long list of these numerous variations in the different countries of Europe. The marks of suits in the early Italian and Spanish packs were swords, cups, pieces of money, and clubs. In Germany the most common marks originally were bells, leaves, hearts, and acorns. But the card-makers exercised their ingenuity in devising a long succession of novelties. One of the most curious packs is of circular shape, and contains five suits—marked respectively hares, parrots, pinks, roses, and columbines. Each suit contains four picture-cards—king, queen, and two knaves. All these varieties, however, produced no rival to the French game and the French cards, which became more and more universal, and increasingly regular both in their marks and in their combinations.

The history of cards in England is even more obscure than elsewhere. Edward I. is said to have played at the game of Four Kings, but this was probably the Indian game of chess. Chaucer, who died in 1400, says nothing of cards, though he mentions "ches and tables." The first genuine evidence of the existence of cards in England is found in the Parliament Rolls of 1463, where, among articles which may not be imported, are mentioned "dyces, tenys balles, cardes for pleying." It is most probable, therefore, that the English had acquired the art of card-playing from the French during the wars with Charles VII. By 1484 cards had become a popular pastime, and eleven years later were so engrossing an amusement that the law interfered, and forbade card-playing to all servants and apprentices except during the Christmas holidays. The exact nature of the games played at this date is not very clearly known. Rabelais's list of the games in which Gargantua was proficient included no less than two

* *The History of Playing-Cards, with Anecdotes of their Use in Conjuring, Fortune-Telling, and Card-Sharpping.* Edited by the Rev. Ed. S. Taylor, B.A., and Others. London: J. Camden Hotten. 1865.

hundred and thirty. Shakspeare speaks of Henry VIII. as playing Primero, and mention is made of a picture, formerly belonging to Lord Falkland, in which Lord Burleigh and three other noblemen are represented as playing at the same game. Primero seems originally to have come from Spain, and Spain is also the birthplace of *Ombre* or *l'Hombre*, "probably the most ancient of games still in use." *Lansquenot* is German, and, as the name implies, was a favourite game among the soldiers and free lances. Trump, or triumph, which has the splendid distinction of being the parent of Whist, is perhaps as old as Primero, and the game of Noddy, mentioned by Sir John Harrington, has been, on doubtful authority, identified with Cribbage. On the whole, it must be admitted that anything like an accurate account of the laws of old games, either with cards or anything else, is next to impossible. Allusions to them are exceedingly infrequent, and they are always vague and trivial. The confused and random style of the book before us helps to make the subject all the more intricate, while it also helps most powerfully to damp any inclination which the reader may have had to make further researches on his own account.

LISABEE'S LOVE STORY.*

IT is provoking to see a writer of unmistakable talent and decided promise inclined to relax in vigour after a first successful effort, and content apparently to do little more than repeat, with but trifling variety in detail, the burden of an earlier theme. There is something no doubt very tempting to human nature—especially to those whose nature it is to find more joy in lingering over a finished work than in girding up the energies for a fresh burst in the chase of success—in the consciousness of having hit upon a vein of thought beyond all question original and profitable. And the peril lies—more particularly in the case of easy self-contemplative natures such as these—in regarding such a mine of thought as practically inexhaustible, or at all events in going on to draw upon it as if wholly careless of its ever coming to an end, or ceasing to hold its value in the eyes of others. To have originated a really fresh idea, or a strongly marked and original character, is often the first step to ruin with an author of this stamp. Too complacent over the happiness of his first effort to dream that other minds may tire of its repetition, or perhaps too much exhausted by the process of travail to give rapid birth to a new idea as spontaneous and independent as the first, he will soon suffer his powers to sink languidly down into utter mannerism, and to work, if they continue to work at all, in a kind of literary groove. If it be true that there is generally so much of sympathy and correspondence between a writer and his leading characters that we may trace not a little of the moral and intellectual idiosyncrasy of the former in the general cast of the latter, we need not perhaps be without a clue to that secret tone of thought which could change so fresh and unaffected a writer as the author of *Doctor Jacob* into so much of a mannerist and plagiarist of self as we see in *Lisabee's Love Story*. A sunny, pleasure-taking view of life, a love of ease and rest for its own sake, a gladsome way of escaping from toil, responsibility, and the more onerous or darker side of things—such was the stream of fancy which rippled lightly over those earlier pages. Of a genial and luxurious bent, on easy terms with himself and the world, insatiable in enjoyment, and not over scrupulous or conscientious as to the means of feeding this habitual appetite, the hero of that story was hardly one to spring from a brain exacting in its standard of reality in life, or severe in its appreciation of hard work. We were taught to regard as, at the worst, a soft and amiable weakness that lax and indolent vein of humour which could take life as a light and pleasant pastime, till we almost sympathized with it, and the want of ethical justice in the final balance of the story was lost in the lenient and roseate after-glow which the writer's art threw alike over character and plot.

In *Lisabee's Love Story*, it looks as if the dreamy, indolent mood of the former fiction had so far possessed the writer as to leave scope for no more than a repetition of the same easy, pleasurable, sensuous picture of life. With the heroine who gives it its title, nothing more has seemed necessary to be done than to present the same pretty lay figure under a change of name. In the hero, though less absolutely cynical and without scruple in his worship of self, as befits his younger years, we have just the same genial, aimless, fascinating cast of temperament which made us put up even with Dr. Jacob's bland heartlessness to women and positive dishonesty regarding pecuniary trusts. In Arthur Leebridge we have, bating the coarser attribute of downright swindling or embezzlement, precisely the same model of character. To all outward semblance frank, generous, and debonnaire, he cloaks under an attractive exterior much that the author himself, fondly proud as he apparently is of the creation, can hardly avoid setting down as vice. A recklessness of consequences as regards other people, a clutching after pleasure at all risks, a facile and rapid mode of shaking off unpleasant topics or dark reminiscences, with a magical way of propitiating fortune so as to secure a final retreat into a secure and quiet haven—such is the general standard of excellence which the anonymous writer seems never to tire of portraying. Arthur Leebridge comes upon the stage of the story in a partial cloud of mystery. He is professionally con-

cerned in some "factory," or other works of an "engineering" kind, in the neighbourhood of Vienna; and while a visitor on business at the Pattersons, a Quaker firm of manufacturers in the east of England, he exchanges for a while the gaiety and luxury of the Austrian capital for the quiet domestic life of the "corn country." Though past thirty, he is young and fresh enough both in physique and in manner to thrill the bosoms of unsophisticated country maidens. Without commanding height, or the bearded glories which most frequently dazzle female eyes in the pages of fiction, he is marked by that "statuesque" kind of face, topped by a "cold, calm, and grand forehead," which often gains homage as the evidence of intellect. The general expression, however, suffers from an undue impress of "sensuousness," combined with "weakness, passion, self-accusation, want of self-mastery, heart." His eyes are impenetrable. For further insight into his character the writer, as usual, "must leave" us "entirely to chance, and the elucidation that circumstances will throw upon it through the course of this narrative." In other words, upon the reader is to devolve the task, which the writer finds too subtle or too irksome, of blending into one the most dissonant traits of portraiture, and making some kind of unity out of these moral discords. This, we need scarcely point out, is a serious fault in any work of art. Whether in painting or in romance-writing, it is the artist alone who can be trusted to interpret the meaning of his own design, and with him rests the blame if the work remains, after all, inharmonious and out of keeping with itself, or devoid of coherent and intelligible purpose. This it is that makes *Lisabee's Love Story*, though gracefully written, and not without interest as a tale of love's trials and triumphs, simply disappointing to the reader who asks for more than passing and unthinking amusement.

Of moral, in the more serious sense of the word, there is not even a suggestion, save it be to the effect that simple country girls should not too hastily part with their hearts to fascinating strangers, and that men who start with the determination to make life a bed of roses should either keep clear of immoral attachments at the outset, or, having early made for themselves such a couch of thorns, should make sure that they are well quit of the first unpleasant incumbrance before implicating a new and innocent partner in their lot of retributive misery and shame. From our place behind the scenes we are able to discern somewhat of the causes that make Arthur Leebridge's wooing and marriage full of mystery and trouble. But, even with all this, there is sufficient indecision in the proofs to leave us in the dark, to the very end, whether Bertha, whom in his hot and heedless youth he had wronged and obscurely married, has not survived her reported death to baulk him of his second and purer prospect of happiness, as their sole child, Minchen, is thrown in his way to upbraid his conscience and imperil his peace with his young wife. How far, indeed, a clandestine marriage performed by a priest between a Catholic subject and a foreign Protestant may be valid by the laws of the country, we may leave to those who are as familiar with Austrian life and institutions as the author before us claims to be. It is a matter more within the scope of ordinary human judgment when we find Arthur, with all his warm love for Lisabee, ready to embark that tender little soul's happiness with his own on such slender proofs that the dangerous rock lurks no more below the smooth and glassy sea. It may, of course, be pleaded in reply that no author is bound to present us with none but morally perfect characters. But, on the other hand, every character, however morally faulty, should be drawn with perfect truth, and be consistent with itself throughout. As a result of this half-mindedness, not a few chapters of *Lisabee's Love Story* are weak and irrational enough. That young lady herself, whose pet name is perhaps the prettiest variety ever played upon the homely "Elizabeth" of her baptism, is simply cut out, as we have said, entire from an earlier canvas by the same artist. That girlish form, that flowing sunny hair, those blue eyes limpid now with laughter, now with tears, that lithe elastic figure, those soft winning graces of heart and soul, are here, in an English mould, just those which in German Kitchchen fixed for a while the somewhat blasé affections of Dr. Jacob. And she is equally the sort of girl to be taken by the same show of manly strength, coupled with force of will, and even with a self-love which exacts its full tribute of devotion. In her weak and dotting nature there is, as usual, its own peculiar strength. Helpless and unable to stand alone, she can yet form the tendril to some stronger stem, and cling till death. Her father, William Plumtree, a farmer of homely birth and simple manners, having married into the old but decayed house of the Pierreponts, has been early left a widower with four daughters, whom, in the teeth of his own vulgar and sordid relatives, he struggles to bring up with the breeding and education of ladies. There is a quiet idyllic charm in the picture of domestic life at Nettleston—the dead level of the corn country gently diversified by the ups and downs of household experience, the gloom of monotony enlivened by the sunshine of the young girls' presence, and after a while by the light of Lisabee's romance. It seems only in keeping with the simplicity of this rustic Eden that, after a few minutes' exchange of pointless prattle at a picnic, and under the shadow of a flowering hedge, the lovers find themselves pledged for life, without a question asked as to the antecedents or prospects of each other. "They simply kissed each other, as the first man and woman may have kissed thousands of years ago, heart to heart, lip to lip, hands entwined," and with Arthur's

* *Lisabee's Love Story*. By the Author of "Doctor Jacob," &c. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1865.

riding away ends chapter the first in Lisabee's love tale. After his return, and their marriage—when Arthur's mysterious disappearance, since the incendiary fire that laid his factory in ashes, has brought Lisabee home again under the escort of his fellow-student and partner, Carl Zillner—a similarly sweet and summary love-passion forthwith ensues between the sunny blue-eyed Austrian youth and the elder dove-like sister Mabel. Out of Arcadia never surely was wooing so brief and bright as that which we see brought to an issue in the course of half an hour's nutting in Nottled woods:—

He parted the boughs a little and leaned forward. Mabel blushed, feeling sure that some sort of confession impended. They both sighed. At last Carl said—(it was as if a boy of fourteen courted a girl of twelve)—

"Are you sorry because I must go away, Mabel dear?"

A smile came then as young children's smiles come, whilst yet the tears are plain, and she bent her head lower for joy and sweet shame.

"Yes," she whispered.

"What would you give if I stayed and spent all my time in playing and talking with you?"

"I have nothing worth giving; and then——"

"And then—I must go. But listen."

He broke off a hazel branch, a small branch heart-shaped, and went on—

"As many nuts as are here, so many weeks and no more shall pass before I come back to you. Hold out your apron and count them after me."

The two clear young voices echoed each other eagerly.

"One—two—three—four—five—six—Seven!"

Was not theirs a childish *auspicien*? Yet without priest, and waving wand and consecrated tent, they contrived to gain the happiest of happy auguries. Carl swung himself lightly to the ground, and making a cup of his palms, held Mabel's face close to his own. As if telling her some wonderful secret, not even guessed at before, to be wondered at ever afterwards, he whispered—

"We will be married by and by, won't we?"

Then the boy and girl kissed each other shyly and silently, lest the very woods had ears, and needing to take no more auspices, contented themselves with talk of the blessed number Seven.

The minor personages in the story, though forming a succession of sketches rather than a gallery of finished portraits, are drawn with much liveliness, and are made to contrast cleverly with each other. Mr. Raven, the Baptist minister, "the mildest, milkiest, and mousetiest of men," who was always "talking of the kingdom of heaven as if it were a tea-meeting to which he was especially invited," and "asking after the health of your soul much as any one else would inquire after your corns and rheumatism"; his plump and piously poetical spouse, with her trick of calming any unusual flutter of the nerves by "waking the lyre of her soul" in stanzas of godly rhyme, or in diversions after the model of Purley upon the "ablative absolute," and with her unflinching method of hushing any rising storm of conjugal strife by hints kept up, albeit without the expected fruit, now some score of years, as to the "delicacy" of her "condition"; their methodistical servant Mahala, with "eyes, hair, and complexion of a lemon ice colour;" and "Smy," the preternaturally brisk old man of all work, form together an amusing group in the background of Nottled life. Another and a widely different range of characters are brought upon the stage when the story shifts to Lisabee's brief foreign sojourn. The Zillner family—"Herr Doctor," the popular but spoiled and selfish Court physician, his sons the widowed Dr. Albin and genial Carl, and his sentimental daughter Adelheid—are perfect types of German character. No part of the book is better than the pictures of life in Vienna, manifestly drawn from familiar and cherished experience of the most enjoyable capital in Europe. Nothing can exceed the vividness and reality of these sketches. They form quite a specialty in the writer's genius, and go far towards reconciling us to a vagueness and uncertainty of purpose which leave the plot, at not a few critical junctures, shadowy and loose in the extreme. There are in these characteristics of the work, combined with the general conception of the hero—not to speak of casual hints which betoken a feminine idiosyncrasy—evidences enough to satisfy us that, while mostly employing the epicene form of speech in touching upon the point of its authorship, we might safely have adopted terms more decidedly indicative of sex. There is an amount of ease and elegance in the writer's style, together with a degree of imaginative and pictorial power, which we should like to see directed to some more sustained and vigorous purpose. These natural graces are blended, in the work before us, with a vagueness of design and a carelessness in execution which remind us how vain and fruitless are the highest of nature's gifts without earnest and persevering culture.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE third volume of Madame Schiller's Correspondence* appears to complete the work, a considerable portion of it being merely the residuum commonly left in the drawers of literary characters after the valuable matter has been cleared off. The administrators of literary effects usually take care that we shall only have what is valuable and interesting on condition of receiving along with it what is neither the one nor the other; and it is hardly worth while to protest against a usage sanctioned by custom, and still more potently recommended by the convenience of booksellers. We could wish, however, that the arrangement of these miscellaneous stores had been more simple and practical. Charlotte von Schiller's correspondents are divided into groups, according to the nature of their relations with her or with Schiller; but, as the letters of most of them extended over several years,

there is nothing like a general chronological arrangement, and the reader accompanies one correspondent to a late period of her life, only to return with the next to the point whence the former started. By far the most interesting of the letters are those from the younger Voss, who almost seems to have had an instinctive perception of what posterity would like to read, so great even now is the freshness of his correspondence. Goethe, Oehlenschläger, Baggesen, Danneker, Armin, pass rapidly before the reader, all individualized with striking touches, and criticized with geniality and freedom. Two letters from Novalis to Schiller are remarkable as very early productions of this ardent young genius, who had, it seems, been recommended to the especial notice of Schiller when at the university. His later writings certainly show few traces of the enthusiastic admiration he here professes for *Don Carlos* and its author. Nearly half the volume is occupied by the letters of Knebel, chiefly written after Schiller's death. This accomplished satirist had been a disappointed suitor of Madame von Schiller, and the cordiality of their subsequent intercourse is very honourable to him. His letters are less entertaining than Voss's, but contain several interesting notices of celebrated persons, especially Goethe and the Humboldts.

Schiller's note-book,* edited by his daughter, is a curious but very tantalising contribution to his biography. It is full of rough notes of visits and conversations, the details of which it would be of the greatest interest to recover, but which are so summarized as to be little more than a string of names. Goethe's name is perpetually recurring. The columns of expenses are very minute, and show that the poet did not consider himself above method and economy. Among the books read we remark *Evilina*.

When the late John Sterling characterized Wolfgang Menzel as "that blustering booby," he prefixed an appropriate adjective to the wrong substantive. Menzel is sufficiently arrogant and vociferous, but no blockhead; on the contrary, he is an acute and trenchant though wrong-headed writer, with more robustness of mental sinew than is ordinary among Germans, and independent enough to employ it sturdily in the championship of an unpopular cause. He is, however, much less acrimonious as an historian than as a critic, perhaps from having had fewer grounds of personal offence. His distinctive characteristic as a public man is his abhorrence of constitutional government, especially as personified in Louis Philippe. He used to be even more notorious for his hatred of the French, but gratitude to Louis Napoleon for the suppression of constitutional abominations has almost converted the old *Franzosenfresser* into a Bonapartist. This partiality may not have survived recent occurrences, since, though Menzel professes to be a Protestant, he follows the triple crown amid the shock of contending opinions as if it were the helmet of Navarre.†

Pfahler's‡ manual of German antiquities appears to be an excellent work of its class, condensed, yet full of matter. It is arranged under four heads—the first comprising the ancient history of Germany in its three great divisions of the origin of the German tribes and their condition in the days of Tacitus, the subversion of the Roman Empire by them, and their ultimate crystallization into organized States. The second section treats of their laws and government; the third, of their social and domestic institutions; the fourth, of their religion, language, and commerce. The work is agreeable, lucid, and methodical.

Though forming the second volume of a library of German historians, Jaffé's edition of the Epistles of Pope Gregory VII.§ is a work of almost universal historical interest. The affairs of every country in Europe are discussed in turn, and nothing could more forcibly illustrate either the immense power of the Papacy in that day, or the salutary nature of its influence on the whole. We see Gregory the centre of a vast system of administration, to whom appeals come pouring in from every portion of the Christian world. If, on the one hand, the arrogance of his claims to spiritual authority cannot be exceeded, it must be admitted that, on the other, he is indefatigable in striving to bring the Church up to the level of her pretensions, and that his thunders are levelled quite as often and as menacingly against her abuses as against encroachments on her illimitable jurisdiction. The number and enormity of episcopal delinquencies is one of the most remarkable features in this correspondence, and suggests that, but for the enthusiastic zeal of a Gregory or an Innocent, the state of affairs which produced the Reformation might have been anticipated by some centuries. Another noteworthy circumstance, entirely at variance with more recent Papal usage, is the continual reference to St. Peter as the fountain of grace and benediction, while Christ and the Virgin are scarcely mentioned. It is hardly necessary to add that Gregory's masculine eloquence, instinct with the consciousness of might, and glowing with impetuous enthusiasm, is still more remarkably distinguished from the tawdry and nerveless diction that characterizes the most recent utterances of the Vatican. It is hardly possible to open the book without lighting on something vividly illustrative either of the man or the age. Thus, William the Conqueror is admonished that, in

* *Schiller's Calender vom 18 Juli 1795 bis 1805.* Herausgegeben von Emilie von Gleichen-Russwurm. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Geschichte der letzten vierzig Jahre.* Von W. Menzel. Stuttgart: Krabbe. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Handbuch Deutscher Alterthümer.* Von G. Pfahler. Frankfurt: Bronner. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Bibliotheca Rerum Germanicarum, tom. 2. Monumenta Gregoriana.* Editid Philippus Jaffé. Berolini, apud Weidmannos. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Charlotte von Schiller und ihre Freunde.* Bd. 3. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Asher & Co.

imprisoning his half-brother Odo, "Sacerdotis dignitatem minus vigilanter attendisti." The King of Denmark is invited to send his son to exterminate certain "viles et ignavi heretici," neighbours of Gregory's, and take their lands for his trouble. The recently converted Swedes are said to have come into the vineyard "in fine orbis et seculorum." Writing to Robert Guiscard, Gregory says, "Dubitavimus hic sigillum plumbeum ponere, ne, si illud inimici caperent, de eo falsitatem aliquam facerent." The most remarkable passage of any is perhaps Gregory's description of the penance of the Emperor Henry at Canosa, which confirms the popular version in all respects. This most interesting work has been edited several times already, but never after so careful a collation of the manuscripts.

Herr Petsche's essay on history* is a manifesto from that school of thinkers which regards history as a science, and prefers the investigation of the laws which may be supposed to have determined the course of events to the detail of the events themselves. The merits of this school need not be disguised; its relentless scrutiny has already gone far to eradicate the old slovenly and uncritical fashion of writing history. We imagine that its practical performances will stop there, for histories written on the plan of such thorough innovators as Herr Petsche would hardly be histories at all, and would possess nothing of that beauty of form and impassioned feeling which alone can render a work interesting to the world at large. We can at best expect a number of brilliant prolixions, more or less paradoxical, and, after all, chiefly valuable as an intellectual stimulus. The temptations thus afforded to sciolism and shallowness are unhappily too notorious, and no failing is less chargeable upon writers of this school than an excess of modesty. Herr Petsche, for example, lectures the generality of historians for attributing events to the operation of a Providence, which he characterises as an empty phrase employed to escape the necessity of strict scientific deduction. He seems ignorant of the distinction between particular and general Providence, and of the fact that the latter is the sense in which the term is always employed by secular writers, and that it means nothing else than self-conscious law, as distinguished from blind fatality. The most valuable part of his book is an analysis of Buckle and his less-known forerunner, Charles Comte. A great part of the work is devoted to a controversy with certain German writers, whose names and productions have not as yet gained the ear of the foreign public.

It would not, as a general rule, conduce to the interest of a book of travels to keep it back for twenty-three years. Welcker's diary of his tour in Greece† is an exception; for, had it been published immediately, the literary world would have exclaimed against the triviality and garrulity which now appear excusable and almost becoming in the publication of an octogenarian. The book does, however, possess considerable interest independently of that accruing from the celebrity of the author. There is no novelty or brilliancy, but the reader finds a constant intellectual satisfaction in observing the effect produced by the actual contemplation of the relics of Hellas on the scholar who had made it the business of his life to study them at home. It is not in passages like these that Welcker is open to criticism, but where he descends to petty personal matters, and renders his rainy days almost as tedious to his reader as to himself. There is much minute observation in his descriptions of the natural constitution of the country, and the continual accompaniment of illustrations from the classics is a rich source of entertainment. The entire absence of pedantry is very commendable. Wordsworth's "Attica" is spoken of with great respect, but Burgess's "Greece and the Levant" is severely condemned for inaccuracy. The author, like an ancient sage, travelled with a retinue of young disciples of whom he speaks with condescending affection—a group of peripatetic philosophers. Their investigation was most thorough, as they visited almost every place of interest.

Dr. Ernst Förster's‡ travels in France and Belgium entirely relate to the art of those countries. The book consequently belongs to a class extremely interesting to those already acquainted with the objects described, and valuable as a manual for visitors æsthetically inclined, but almost useless to readers falling under neither of these categories. The writer is evidently a man of taste and of a genial temper.

Lübker's essay on education§ is a publication of the Rauhe Haus at Hamburg—an institution, in so far as its literary activity is concerned, not very dissimilar to our Religious Tract Society, and which labours under much suspicion and dislike from its imputed advocacy of retrograde opinions in politics, under the guise of inculcating religion. The present work does not seem liable to such objections, though a peculiar bias, little in harmony with the higher forms of German culture, is sufficiently apparent. It is a sort of history of education, with a running commentary in the interest of the writer's views.

* *Geschichte und Geschichtschreibung unserer Zeit.* Von Ernst Petsche. Leipzig: Otto Wigand. London: Asher & Co.

† *Tagebuch einer Griechischen Reise.* Von F. G. Welcker. 2 Bde. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Reise durch Belgien, Paris, und Burgund.* Von Dr. Ernst Förster. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Grundzüge der Erziehung und Bildung für das Deutsche Haus.* Von F. Lübker. Hamburg: Rauhe Haus. London: Asher & Co.

Professor von Holtzendorff* is already well known as an advocate of the Irish convict system. The spirited little brochure he has now published is chiefly devoted to a rebuke of a recent antagonistic pamphlet by a certain Herr Röder, who, to judge by the specimens given, certainly appears to be very self-sufficient and very reckless in his statements. The writer admits the utility of the German system of solitary confinement as an element in the treatment of criminals, but considers the exclusive resort to it very objectionable.

Richter's history of an important period of French legislation† is a striking example of the charm which may be imparted to a dry subject by liveliness of thought and expression. It is a series of brilliant and animated essays, commencing with a general view of the character of the French people and its influence on their institutions. Then follows a chapter on the theories of human rights which had obtained universal acceptance among the French at the time of the Revolution, and these are then traced out in their influence upon the legislation of the epoch. Three more parts are to follow. The book is masterly in all respects, especially in the skill with which history is combined with jurisprudence.

The democratic philosophy of M. Origine‡ commences by the startling query, "Pourrait-on enfoncer l'Angleterre?" The shock to English nerves is formidable, but on reading a little further we are relieved by the discovery that no worse fate is in store for us than to be eclipsed by France in liberty and good government. The book contains some sound ideas, but is chargeable with the characteristically French faults of fancifulness and excessive systematizing.

Signor Ascoli is a professor at Milan. His contribution to our knowledge of the Gipsy language§ takes the form of a remarkably close criticism of a vocabulary of the dialect of the Turkish Gipsies, contributed to the transactions of the American Oriental Society by a Greek gentleman named Paspatis. Every word is examined with a view to ascertaining its etymology, and the grammatical structure of the language is analysed at great length. There is an appendix on the Gipsy dialects of Southern Italy and the Basque provinces of France. The general conclusion of the writer is that there is a great deal both of Sindhian and Affghan in the Rommany tongue, and he thinks that it may have originated among Sindhians who had lived a considerable time under Affghan influence.

Dr. Bischoff's essay on the employment of copper among the ancients|| is an extract from a larger work, and a neat and readable, as well as erudite, contribution to archaeology.

Baron von Wolzogen's miniature life of Raffaele¶ merits the most cordial recognition as a real gem of biography. It contains the substance of four lectures delivered before a society of students of the history of art. The writer has been fortunate in a subject for which materials are not too scanty, while it is not encumbered with too many documents, and involves no moral problems or insoluble puzzles. He has been still more fortunate in the character of his own intellect—the sense of symmetry and proportion, the feeling for cheerful enjoyment combined with ideal aspiration, which cause his pages to seem like a reflection from the mind of Raffaele himself. The events of Raffaele's life are pleasantly and clearly narrated, the personages with whom he was connected are felicitously introduced and gracefully portrayed, and the criticism is never unduly technical. There are some excellent remarks on Raffaele's peculiar significance as the representative of the fusion of Christian with classic art.

Otto Ribbeck's essay on Juvenal** is an attempt to settle the text, and to purify it by ejecting the interpolations, whose name, according to the critic, is legion. He rejects the last seven satires entirely, the eleventh only excepted. The fifteenth and sixteenth, indeed, have been doubted before, but commentators have hitherto concurred in ranking the tenth, thirteenth, and fourteenth among Juvenal's masterpieces. Herr Ribbeck considers them empty and declamatory, to which we can only reply, *de gustibus*. He points out that they are not rich in graphic pictures of Roman life, to which it may be simply answered that the subject did not call for such; and that they are full of mythological allusions, which is no reason for rejecting them. Poets have their periods as well as painters, and few writers whose literary activity had extended over a long series of years would have much chance of asserting their identity in the face of such microscopic scrutiny. Herr Ribbeck's assaults on suspected interpolations in the satires whose genuineness he acknowledges are often acute and ingenious,

* *Kritische Untersuchungen über die Grundsätze und Ergebnisse des Irischen Strafvollzuges.* Von Dr. Franz von Holtzendorff. Berlin: Charisius. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Staats- und Gesellschafts-Recht der Französischen Revolution von 1789-1804.* Dargestellt von Carl Richter. Bd. I. Berlin: Springer. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Esquisse de la Philosophie Démocratique.* Par M. Origine. Partie Politique. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Zigeunerisches.* Von G. J. Ascoli. Halle: Heynemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Das Kupfer in der vorchristlichen Zeit.* Von Dr. Carl Bischoff. Berlin: Springer. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Raffael Santi. Sein Leben und seine Werke.* Von Alfred Freiherrn von Wolzogen. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

** *Der Echte und der unechte Juvenal. Eine Kritische Untersuchung.* Von Otto Ribbeck. Berlin: Guttentag. London: Asher & Co.

but he is preposterously intolerant of whatever happens to offend his taste. Less privileged than Homer, poor Juvenal must never nod, and the slightest concession to exhausted nature is instantly punished by a ruthless amputation.

A comedy by the popular novelist Hackländer*—if acted as written—is a good specimen of what a German audience is expected to bear by the caterers for its amusement. Though only in three acts, it fills one hundred and sixty-eight pages of small print, while the story might be told in two minutes. The best of it is that there is no irrelevant matter; every scene and speech really does relate to the action, and helps it along more or less (generally less), so that the rate of evolution is indisputably quite natural to the author. Whether phlegm, tobacco, and beer have helped any audience through with it, we are not told. Yet it is not destitute of merit, there being considerable comic force in the scene where the young wife explains to her mother-in-law how she came to read her husband's letters. With much compression, it would make a really good play.

Christmas Blossoms† is a pretty collection of legends and customs relating to the season. *German Inscriptions*‡ is a collection of popular rhymes, in which the German language is perhaps more fertile than any other. Their wit and philosophy are generally of a homely cast, but perfectly sound and admirable as far as they go. Zarncke's edition of the *Nibelungen Lied*§ is a beautiful miniature edition, neat in form and clear in type, but, being entirely destitute of explanatory notes, is only adapted for those who are well acquainted with ancient German.

A selection from the contemporary lyrics of Germany||, sufficiently copious, and apparently made with good taste, affords ample means for estimating the prospects of German poetry in this department. They do not appear very brilliant, at least if we look away from formed writers like Geibel and Bodenstedt to the rising men. While there is no lack of pretty words and thoughts among the crowd of versifiers, and while almost every German song has a true lyrical movement, a tiresome monotony of subject prevails, accompanied with a lamentable poverty of thought and lack of individuality. One singer is very like another, their themes are substantially the same, and the treatment rarely offers anything characteristic. The subjective element also preponderates to a most unreasonable degree. Among the few poets who have shown creative power, and the ability to rise beyond mere singing, we may especially mention Wilhelm Hertz, an English version of whose very spirited epos on the story of Lancelot and Guenevere is about to be published by Mr. Bruce, the elegant translator of Nala and Damayanti from the Sanskrit. Hertz is also an excellent lyricist, both as regards form and matter. Lingg's first volume was pathetic, imaginative, and highly original, but he seems to have written himself out. Heyse's poetical reputation is well-earned, but only a graceful appendage to his fame as a novelist. Of the less known writers, the most promising seems to be Robert Hamerling of Trieste, whose range of thought indeed is not very extensive, but who combines symmetry of form with great richness of colour.

* *Der Verlorene Sohn. Lustspiel in drei Aufzügen.* Von F. W. Hackländer. Stuttgart: Krabbe. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Weihnachtsblüthen in Sitte und Sage.* Von Wilhelm Mannhardt. Berlin: Duncker. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Deutsche Inschriften an Haus und Gerath.* Berlin: Hertz. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Das Nibelungen Lied.* Herausgegeben von F. Zarncke. Leipzig: G. Wigand. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Anthologie Deutscher Lyriker seit 1850.* Von Dr. Emil Kneschke. Leipzig: Lorch. London: Asher & Co.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION, Tuesday, April 25, at Half-past Three, St. James's Hall.—Quartet, G minor, Haydn; Quintet, E flat, Piano, &c., Schumann; Quartet, No. 9, in C, Beethoven; Piano Solo, Chopin, Hillier, and Henselt. Artists: Joachim, Ries, Webb, and Field. Pianiste, Madame Clara Schumann.—Visitors' Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of Cramer & Co., Chappell & Co., Ollivier, Ashdown & Parry, and of Austin, at the Hall. Members can pay for Visitors at the Hall. Complaints of non-delivery of Tickets and Records, and Notice of Change of Address, to be sent to 18 Hanover Square.

J. ELLA, Director.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett.—THIRD CONCERT, Monday Evening, May 1, at Eight o'clock. MS. Symphony by Dr. Sterndale Bennett, composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society; Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; Mendelssohn's Overture to *King Elias*; Mozart's Overture to *Die Zauberflöte*. Pianist, Mr. Charles Hallé.

CAMPBELL CLARKE, Secretary, 24 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—This Afternoon. — **BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL SYMPHONY.**—After the Concert, the usual Afternoon Promenade, when the Music Programme, the New Guinea Season Ticket, the Opera Concerts Stalls (in Sets), and the Admission and Reserved Seats for the Rehearsal Day of the Great Handel Festival will be on Sale.

For the Two latter early Application is essential.

DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1865.

Under the Special Patronage of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

The Exhibition will be OPENED on Tuesday, May 9, by His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES.

The State Ceremonial to be observed on this occasion will include a Grand Musical Performance with a Band and Chorus of a Thousand Performers.

On the Opening Day Season Ticket Holders only can be admitted.

Season Tickets on Sale at the Office, 115 Grafton Street, Dublin.

Lady's or Gentleman's Ticket.....£2 3 0

Child's, under 12 Years.....1 1 0

April 16, 1865.

Arrangements for Return and Excursion Tickets on all the Railways to the Exhibition, at Reduced Rates, are in progress.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.—Under the Management of Miss Marie Wilton.—Every Evening, A WINNING HAZARD; Messrs. F. Dewar, Sydney, Bancroft; Messrs. Hastings and Goodall. After which, LA SONNAMBULA; or, The Supper, the Sleeper, and the Merry Swiss Boy; Messrs. J. Clarke, C. G. F. Dewar; Messrs. Fanny Josephs and Marie Wilton, &c. To conclude with VANDYKE BROWN; Mr. J. Clarke.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The SIXTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION will Open at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), on Monday Next.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

GEORGE A. FRIPP, Secretary.

GENERAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. The Exhibition is open Daily from Nine till Six.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

GEORGE L. HALL, Hon. Sec.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 PALL MALL.—THE TWELFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

HYDE-PARK in 1864. By HENRY BARRAUD, Esq. Containing 220 Portraits of the Frequenter of Rotten Row. NOW ON VIEW, at 220 Regent Street (opposite Hanover Street). Open from Ten till Dark.—Admission, 1s.

WORK, and FIFTY other PAINTINGS, by FORD MADOX BROWN, Exhibiting Daily at 101 Piccadilly.—Admission, 1s.; Annotated Catalogue, 6d. From Nine till Dark.

DR. TYNDALL, F.R.S., will commence a Course of THIRTY LECTURES on MAGNETISM, ELECTRICITY, SOUND, LIGHT, and HEAT, on Monday, May 1, at Two o'clock, at the Royal School of Mines, Jernyn Street; to be continued on every week-day but Saturday, at the same hour. Fees for the Course, £3.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The Seventy-sixth ANNUAL DINNER of the Corporation will be held at the Albion Tavern Aldersgate Street, on Wednesday, May 10.

His Grace the LORD ARCHBISHOP OF YORK in the Chair.

First List of Stewards.

John Baily, Esq., Q.C.	Alexander Michie, Esq.
Rev. Edward Balston, M.A.	Charles Edward Mudie, Esq.
Rev. E. W. Benson, M.A.	J. Bertrand Payne, Esq.
Henry G. Bohn, Esq.	Rev. Professor E. H. Plumptre, M.A.
Benjamin Bond Cabell, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.	Thomas Henry Allen Poynder, Esq., M.A.
Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Carlisle.	William H. Ridgway, Esq.
Ven. Archdeacon Churton.	Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ripon.
James Clay, Esq., M.P.	Robert F. Roupell, Esq., Q.C., M.A.
Rev. H. O. Coote, M.A.	George Gilbert Scott, Esq., R.A.
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Rev. Alfred Gatty, D.D.	Dr. William Smith, LL.D.
George Godwin, Esq., F.R.S.	Samuel Spalding, Esq.
Otto Goldschmidt, Esq.	Joseph Somes, Esq., M.P.
George J. Gresham, M.P.	Right Hon. Lord Viscount Strangford.
Ven. Lord Arthur Hervey.	Rev. Edward Thring, M.A.
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Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne.	M. Arminius Vambury.
Cholmley Austen Leigh, Esq.	J. Proctor Brown-Wealdhead, Esq., M.P.
Rev. David Livingston, M.D., D.C.L.	Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of York.
Frederick Locker, Esq.	

Tickets, 21s. each, may be obtained from the Stewards, and from the Secretary, at the Chambers of the Corporation, 4 Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, For the RELIEF OF DECAYED ARTISTS, their WIDOWS and ORPHANS. Instituted 1814. Incorporated 1842.

Under the Immediate Protection of Her Most Excellent Majesty the QUEEN.

President.

Sir CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE, P.R.A.

The FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL of this Institution will be celebrated at Freemasons' Hall, on Saturday, May 6.

Lord HOUGHTON in the Chair.

Dinner on the Table at Six o'clock precisely. Tickets, including Wine, 91s. each, to be had of the Stewards; at Freemasons' Tavern; and of F. W. MATTHEW, Esq., Assistant-Secretary, 24 Old Bond Street, W.

HYDE PARK COLLEGE for LADIES, 115 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park.

Classes under J. Benedict, Esq., J. B. Chatterton, Esq., A. Chisno, Esq., Louis Engel, Esq., Signor Garcia, Madame Louise Meisner, F. Praeger, Esq., J. Radford, Esq., Monsieur A. Rochie, H. D. Brove, Esq., B.A., Mrs. Street, Capt. Thomas, Esq., Signor Valletta, H. Warren, Esq.

The JUNIOR TERM begins April 24.

The SENIOR TERM begins April 26.

Prospectuses, containing Terms, &c., may be had on application.

KILBURN COLLEGE, Mortimer Road, Kilburn, London, N.W. Principal.—Mr. GEORGE OGG, University of London, formerly Instructor of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. In this Establishment PUPILS receive a first-class Education.—Classical, Mathematical, and General, and are prepared for Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Public Schools. Every attention is paid to health and comfort. The situation is elevated; the School-rooms, Dining-room, Lavatory, Gymnasium, and Dormitories are airy and spacious. The Midsummer Term commences April 24.—Prospectus on application to the PRINCIPAL.

KING EDWARD the SIXTH'S FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Birmingham.—The Governors of this School are about to Appoint a SECOND MASTER, who's duty will be to superintend the English School, under the general direction of the Head-Master, the Rev. CHARLES EVANS, M.A.

The Second Master must have taken at least the Degree of Master of Arts of the University of Oxford or Cambridge, and must be a Member of the Established Church of England; and in Holy Orders.

A preference will be given, *ceteris paribus*, to Gentlemen of Mathematical and Scientific Attainments.

The Second Master will have a fixed Salary of £500 per annum, and an allowance of £150 per annum for House Rent and Taxes, and the privilege of taking Twelve Boarders, on terms to be fixed by himself.

There are Ten Exhibitions of £50 a year, tenable at any College in Oxford or Cambridge, which are open in certain cases to Boarders.

It is requested that Gentlemen will refrain from making personal application to the Governors or Head-Master.

Candidates for the Office are requested to transmit their application and testimonials, with twenty printed copies, before the 15th day of May next, to J. W. WATKINS, Esq., Watkiss Street, Birmingham, the Secretary, from whom further information may be obtained.

April 19, 1865.

J. W. WATKINS, Secretary.

DENMARK HILL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, near London.—

Principal, Mr. C. P. MASON, B.A., Fellow of University College, London.—At the above-named School PUPILS of from Seven to Eighteen years of age receive a sound and careful Education, and are prepared either for the Liberal Professions or for Commercial Pursuits. The House is very large, and is surrounded by above seven acres of Land, the greater part of which is occupied by the Boys' Playgrounds and Cricket Field. The Youngest Pupils form a separate Preparatory Department. School will Re-open, after the Easter Holidays, on Thursday, April 27.—Prospectus may be had on application to the PRINCIPAL, or to Messrs. BARRA Brothers, School Booksellers, 150 Aldersgate Street, London.

THE INDIAN AND HOME CIVIL SERVICES. Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Line. — CLASSES for Pupils preparing for the above; Terms moderate. — Address, MATHEMATICS, 14 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

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INDIA CIVIL SERVICE. — GENTLEMEN desiring to qualify themselves for the Examinations required of Candidates for the INDIA and HOME CIVIL SERVICE will find Masters, of high repute, in all the subjects allowed to be taken up for the Competition, at A. D. SEARANT, M.A., Civil Service Hall, 12 Prince's Square, Regent-street, W. — References to numerous successful Candidates who have been sent up from this Establishment during the last five years.

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A CAMBRIDGE M.A. (Married), Incumbent of a Parish in North Lancashire, is willing to receive into his house TWO or THREE GENTLEMEN, Graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, who wish to Read for Ordination and to learn something of Parochial Work. The highest references given and required. — Address, Rev. J. C. KENNEDY, Walton-le-Dale, near Preston.

RUGBY and other PUBLIC SCHOOLS. — The Rev. G. F. WRIGHT, M.A., late Fellow of Corp. Coll. Cambridge, and Senior Assistant-Master of Wellington College, and formerly Assistant-Master at Sturtevant, receives BOYS of Nine Years of Age and upwards to be Prepared for Admission to the Public Schools, and Competition for Open Scholarships. — Address, Overdale, near Rugby.

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PRIVATE TUITION, Tenby. — A GENTLEMAN residing near Tenby is prepared to take into his house ONE or TWO YOUNG BOYS, to prepare for the Public Schools. — Address, C. C. C., care of the Vicar, Manorbier, Tenby.

TRAVELLING TUTOR and COMPANION. — A Public Schoolman and B.A. 1864, Trin. Coll. Cambridge, Son of a beneficed Clergyman in the diocese of Canterbury, desires the above. He has been of late residing in Paris, to acquire facility in speaking French, and is competent to prepare a YOUNG MAN FOR the several University Examinations, and to instruct in French; is an Officer in a Volunteer Rifle Corps, and an adept in all Manly Pursuits. Highest character for Steadiness, &c. References to Masters of School, and to Tutor of the College, and other Clergymen and Gentlemen. — Address, Rev. E. N., the University Club, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, S.W.

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